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[No. 1.

SLAVERY.*

As there is no subject more closely interwoven with the political and social well-being of the southern and south-western States of this confederacy, than that of slavery, so there will probably be no time, from the present moment to the settlement of this important question, more suitable than now, to awaken the public mind to the discussion of it. We have no hope, and we might add, no desire, of producing any result worth the labor, abroad. We are taught by the history of our race, that fanaticism has always been beyond the reach of reason, and as "you might as well attempt to paint a sound," as endeavor to convince an abolitionist that slavery is not an evil, we will address ourselves to those alone, who are, or who ought to be interested in this question, let it reach or affect whom it may. Happily for us, it is not necessary that we should feel any very great solicitude about the opinions of others on this subject, for though we are willing that this contest should be decided by truth alone, yet we are fully competent to use other weapons in defence of our institutions. We are fortunately not in the condition of the British West India Islands, before the Emancipation Act, where this great question may be decided by the influence of fanaticism, or commercial rivalry, or mere government policy. Slavery has been engrafted upon our institutions for good or for evil, and we have its destinies in our own hands.

In discussing this subject, we choose to call it by its true name. It has often offended us in the sharpest degree, to hear a "robustious, periwig-pated fellow," in alluding to slavery in the southern portion of this confederacy, with a squeamishness unworthy of manhood, term it "our peculiar institution," as if he were ashamed of it. If slavery is wrong, why defend it? And if it is not, why be ashamed of it? We dislike the expression besides, because it is untrue. Pe-

* Tracts Nos. 6, 7 and 8. Published by the New-England Anti-Slavery Tract Association. J. W. Aden, Publishing Agent: Boston.

cular to whom?—to our southern and south-western States? Why, slavery has hitherto existed from the age of Noah, down to our times, and it exists at this moment among four out of five of the nations on the earth. It has only been abolished, *nominally*, by the greater part of the States of Europe, within the last three or four centuries, and let no man acquainted with the condition of the *free*, but destitute and beggarly millions, whose unheeded cry ascends daily towards heaven for bread, presumptuously say, it was wisely done.

We have before us, three abolition pamphlets, published at Boston, sometime during last year. The first of them is Tract No. 6, and entitled "The Duties and Dignities of American Freemen," by Jas. C. Jackson; the same person we presume, who, at a meeting, lately held in the city of New-York, and composed of men, women and children—white and black, used the following language, "We want them (the blacks) to cross and improve our breed. We are not more than half men—we want negro blood to make men of us, and thus to elevate ourselves to the position we held sixty years ago." (Great applause.) Abolition is not content with its own color and race, but would bring in another, more susceptible, as it is said, to the softer emotions; thus adding another illustration to the truth of the remark made by Robertson, in his history of Charles V. that, "the excesses of enthusiasm have been observed in every age to lead to sensual gratifications, the same constitution that is susceptible of the former, being remarkably prone to the latter."

This Tract is a political paper, and the author discloses the great secret of the abolition party in this country—the desire for political ascendancy. Philanthropy and religion are the watchwords, but power and influence are the objects and the rewards of their labours. All history proves, that no folly, or fanaticism has ever taken deep root, or existed more than for a moment, unless guided by a keen self-interest, or founded on the lust of power. Matthias, Boccold and Cripperdoling, were not mere blind enthusiasts, heated by religious frenzy and laboring for the wind. Their objects were wealth and power, and they waded through rapine and blood, to the supreme control, in the city of Munster. Who will believe that the Mormon Prophet, was the bald, moon-stricken fanatic he is generally represented to have been? He too, aspired to political power. Joe Smith had *his* visions of unbridled license and supreme command. The most fatal evil that could befall the abolitionists in the United States, as a party, would be to grant them the very boon they ask. Abolish slavery, and the act would spread dismay and confusion throughout their ranks. Their leaders would curse the gift they have themselves demanded, and seek out some new illusion, in which the same follies would be repeated, and to be followed by the same results.

"What can I do for the Abolition of Slavery?" is the title of Tract No. 8, by R. Hildreth, from which we make one extract, to show the strict agreement between northern cupidity and northern fanaticism, and, that while the constitution has never been in the way of the one, in taking away the profits of our labor, it would not be in the way of the other, in taking away the laborers themselves.

"I know there are some who cry out, there is a lion in the way; who point to the constitution of the United States, as having guaranteed the perpetual existence of slavery; or at least as having reserved that question for the exclusive handling of the slaveholding States, and as having thus put it beyond our reach. That is the way the slave holders and their servants at the north have expounded the constitution; but give us a majority of the voters, declaring by their votes their detestation of slavery and determination to abate it, and *I have not the slightest doubt that the lawyers and the courts will very soon find out that they have all along shockingly misconstrued the constitution.*"

We have not the slightest doubt of it either, but we take this occasion to assure the author of this tract, and all abolitionists whomsoever, that the people of the slaveholding States, regard the constitution of the United States, as one of the very least safeguards, under which they hold their property. Though it has always been one of the strongest articles of our political faith, to respect and adhere to all written political compacts, yet we agree with M. Guizot, in attaching but little value to any constitutions that have not gained the assent of the understandings, or are not written in the hearts of the people for whom they are designed—*un remède écrit est peu efficace.*

"William Goodell, Esq.," is the author of Tract No. 7, which is entitled, "One more Appeal to Professors of Religion, Ministers and Churches, who are not enlisted in the struggle against Slavery." The author of this tract, runs up a formidable catalogue of the wrongs done to the slave, by their owners at the south. The incidents of slavery, which he mentions, are unimportant, greatly exaggerated, or justified by the sacred Scriptures, when true, but for the most part are grossly and entirely false. "See them chattelized"—he observes, "reduced to the condition of things, reputed and adjudged in law to be brute beasts." *Slaves are mere chattels.* Well, it is a matter of no great consequence, and we admit it; though in the more restricted sense of the word, slaves would not be comprehended, as the term chattel is said to be derived from the technical Latin word *cattala*, which meant beasts of husbandry or cattle; but in the sense in which it came to be used, that is, in opposition to a *feud*, they would be included.*

If it were worth the trouble of a serious argument, we could very easily point out very many passages in the Old Testament, where slaves were so looked upon by the chosen people of God, as a justification to ourselves for so regarding them. A few passages shall suffice. Isaac "had possession of flocks and possession of herds and great store of servants."† Jacob "increased exceedingly and had much cattle, and maid servants and men servants and camels and asses."‡ "He that is born in thy house and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised."§ In the first promulgation of the divine law, through Moses, to the people of Israel, it was provided, that if a master struck his slave and he died immediately, he should be pun-

* Black. Com. II. 389.

† Gen. xxvi, 14. Great store of servants—γεωργία πολλα—Septuagint PEN. KEP. NS. 14.

: Gen. xxx., 43.

§ Gen. xvii, 13 and 27.]

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ished. "Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two he should not be punished, *for he is his money.*"* One more text, and we dismiss the subject and suffer the abolitionists to make what they can of the word chattel. "But if the priest buy any soul with his money, he shall eat of it, and he that is born in his house they shall eat of his meat."†

Slaves are brutes. General expressions are not always accurate, but it is a common remark with us, that northern men, who become owners of slaves, are the hardest task-masters. There may be men amongst us, who are brutes themselves, and who look upon their slaves in that light; but that they are so regarded and treated by the great body of southern slave holders, we unhesitatingly and entirely deny. In respect of their habitations, their fuel, their clothing, their food, their hours of labor, the means of religious instruction afforded them, their treatment in sickness and old age, they will compare advantageously with the laboring classes in the northern States, and their condition in all those elements of comfort, are infinitely superior to the working classes in Europe, as every one well knows who pretends to any acquaintance with the subject.

As to the *personal comforts* of slaves with us, we have often challenged inquiry, and as the truth is so manifest, we have nothing to apprehend from misrepresentation and falsehood on that score. As to the *means of religious instruction afforded them*, the number of communicants among them, in the different religious denominations, show, that the like cannot be found among the laboring classes elsewhere. Their *treatment in sickness and old age.* In this consists the blessing of slavery. The hired servant—if he is arrested in the prime of life by disease, his wages are stopped, and with them his bread: after his youth and manhood are worn out, for a pittance, which barely supplies—and often does not—the commonest wants of our nature—if he has not the rare good fortune to possess offspring or friends who can aid him—has no resource but the uncertain and capricious support of a benevolent society or the stinted charity and chilling atmosphere of an alms house, and lays himself down to die, neglected and unlamented. If the slave sickens, self-interest, if not humanity supplies the means for his recovery; when old age and infirmities come on, though his labors cease forever, his clothing, his food and his comforts are not diminished; there is still an eye that watches over him, and when death ensues, he is decently interred and perhaps a tear shed over his grave. An abolitionist would probably smile at any exhibition of feeling in a master towards his slave. It exists nevertheless, and no man dares say it is not sincere.

Instances are not rare of extraordinary attention and kindness bestowed upon decrepid and worn-out slaves, and it would be difficult to find a slave holder whose memory cannot furnish examples like the following, that would scarcely find credit among such as have not witnessed the operation of the system in the slave-holding States. In the division of an estate among the heirs, which consisted chiefly of negroes, and which we witnessed, several years since, there was

* Exod. xxi., 20, 21.

† Levit. xxii., 11.

among them a negro woman, who from indolence had become so excessively fat, that she was entirely helpless, and her mistress before her death, had given up to her a full grown young woman, to attend to her wants. In dividing the estate, it was necessary that "old Chloe" should fall to some one of the heirs, and when her situation was declared to the commissioners who divided the negroes, they made an assessment on all the other lots, amounting to one hundred and fifty-two dollars, in favor of the lot of which Chloe made part, for her support and attendance during the remainder of her life. Yet it probably occurred to no one present at the time, that this was a commendable act. It was not dictated by the humanity of the commissioners. It was the result of the customs of the country, and no one who participated in the act, or who witnessed the transaction, would have been content with less.

It has been charged against the slave-holder, that any good treatment of his slaves, proceeds from self-interest, not humanity. The actions of men are commonly influenced by considerations of interest, more or less remote. "Our notions of virtue," says Helvetius, "are corollaries from our notions of our own interests." But we will not stop to analyze the motive. To the slave, whether it proceeds from the one or the other, the result is the same.

The slave is forbidden to read the Bible. And who but the abolitionist, has he to thank for that? We have never participated in the apprehensions of those who believed, that the slave would become less useful or more mischievous, by being taught to read. It might not be good policy to disturb our regulations in the present state of the public mind, and in the face of the impudent and persevering intermeddling of abolitionism, and it might offer them another mode of annoying us and producing discontent among our slave population by the thousand and one lies that are yearly circulated by them on the subject of slavery. We confess, however, that these arguments have not appeared to us of much weight. We never saw a slave who could read, look into any other book than the Bible—and, commonly, the New Testament part of it—or some hymn book. The natural indolence of their dispositions, and the uniformity of their occupations, render any continued intellectual exertion extremely irksome to them.

"The slave child," observes the author last mentioned, "follows the condition of the mother, though the father may be free." This is true, but we have law for it. It is an incident of slavery, not only justified by the practice of the Israelites, but enforced by the divine command to the chosen people, in which the legal maxim *partus sequitur ventrem*, is distinctly laid down.

"Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them. If thou buy an Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and the children shall be her

master's, and he shall go out by himself."* This text requires no commentary.

All abolitionists, in declaiming against slavery, speak of it as opposed to the laws of God, and when driven to the wall for arguments drawn from the sacred Scriptures, use garbled extracts, torn from the context, and without application to the subject, such as the following: "Bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee." "Be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." "Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noon-day," etc. To justify their conduct in enticing away slaves from their owners, and giving them refuge and protection, we admit that they may fairly use a passage in Deuteronomy, which we quote entire.—"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him."† This passage does unquestionably give color to the efforts of the abolitionists in affording protection to the runaway negroes of the South, and they are fairly entitled to use it, as we have observed. It may be inferred, however, that the intention of the law was to give shelter to those Hebrew slaves who were captured by the Heathen nations in their neighborhood, and by whom they were treated with great cruelty.

Whatever may have been the design of this *precept*, the Old and New Testament furnish each a striking *example* in opposition to the inference which the abolitionists would deduce from it. The first is illustrated by the conduct of Sarai, the wife of the patriarch Abraham, and her Egyptian (*i. e.* African) slave, Hagar, who had grievously offended her mistress. "But Abram said unto Sarai, Behold thy maid is in thy hand; do unto her as it pleaseth thee. And when Sarai dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur. And he said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou? and whither wilt thou go? And she said, *I flee from the face of my mistress*, Sarai. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, *Return unto thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.*"‡ The second example to which we referred, is contained in the remarkable letter of the Apostle Paul to Philemon, which was written from Rome about the year of Christ 61, the subject of which was as follows:—Philemon was a Phrygian and a citizen of the town of Colosse, and who, after Paul had converted him to Christianity, exercised his ministry in that town with great success,—had a slave named Onesimus, who ran away from his master and fled to Rome, where he met with Paul, who converted him also to the Christian religion, after which *Paul sent him back to his master* with a letter, in which *he entreats him to forgive Onesimus.*§

We are willing to concede to the abolitionists every advantage they can derive from the command in Deuteronomy above referred to;

* Exod. xxi.: 2, 3, 4.

† Deut. xxiii.: 15, 16.

: Gen. xvi.: 6, 7, 8, 9.

§ See Philemon, 8th to 21st verse included.

the more especially as we have long regarded it good policy in us, not only to suffer them to keep all who run away from their masters, but to send them, in addition, a yearly supply of idle, worthless and insubordinate slaves, which, while it would free us from a fruitful source of annoyance, would be doing a good turn to the abolitionist and the runaway negro too. We are in dead earnest about this plan, and we propose that every man of a certain amount of property should find one, and where the means of individuals are not sufficient to reach that amount, a number of them should be put together to make it up. We confess that we have not, and we never had, a slave that we would be willing to condemn to the hopeless misery of the free blacks in the "free States," but we would cheerfully submit to a reasonable assessment, according to our means, to procure one for the purpose.

"The law is made for men-stealers, (1 Tim. i: 10.) This text," observes William Goodell—we are rather chary about giving a title to these abolitionists, as we might be caught Master-ing a *nigger*—"by the Presbyterian General Assembly of 1794, was applied to 'all those who bring off slaves or *keep* or *sell* or *buy* them.' And they declared this to be 'the highest kind of theft.'" Yet in the sixth chapter of the *very same epistle* is contained the striking advice of Paul to Timothy, concerning the relative duties between master and slave, and which is so plain, that he must be excessively stupid or wilfully blind, who would not be struck with the force of the passage and its application to this very subject. Men-stealers, indeed!—there is no perversity of sense, or language so absurd, into which ignorance, prejudice, or fanaticism, will not lead the minds of men. If there is any theft in the case, the English and Yankees stole the negroes and sold them to our fathers, who were only accessories *after the fact*.—

"Let the galled jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung."

We can, with greater justice, and without any extraordinary stretch of the imagination or a similar abuse of language, retort the charge of man-stealing upon such abolitionists as steal or *keep* the runaway slaves of the South, by referring them to the 16th verse of the xxi. chap. of Exodus—"And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

In closing this article, we could easily point out to the authors of these tracts, and to the abolitionists in general of the United States, abundant exercise for their overflowing sympathies in objects at home, and within their reach, without coming so far to interfere with what concerns them not, and about which they show themselves superlatively ignorant. They have the sick to visit, the naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed, at their own doors. We have before us an article from the Louisville Journal, published in the "Globe" newspaper in the year 1841, showing the prices of female labor at the North, from which it appears, that after paying for rent, fuel, clothes, and other expenses necessary for the prosecution of their trade, women who are employed as seamstresses, have left, from their heart-breaking toil, but

20 cents a week for food and drink, or about $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents a day. A recent correspondent of the Washington "Union," writing from Philadelphia, observes that "the great increase of prostitution is to be attributed almost wholly to the shamefully trifling wages of the seamstresses and servant girls in the large cities. Many a beautiful woman, delicate, intelligent and refined, is literally driven into the dens of vice to save herself from starvation." But scenes of human distress and depravity at home pass unheeded by the abolitionist. His sympathies are only excited by tales of distant, exaggerated and fanciful misery. Oh, how false is that philanthropy, which always overlooks the suffering ever before its eyes, and seeks sustenance for its morbid sympathies, in objects without its control, and far beyond its power of affording alleviation! *Proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectamur, et ad ea cognoscenda iter ingredi et mare transmittere solemus; at quæ sub oculis posita negligimus** To relieve suffering humanity around him, would only be *charity*, which costs something. The abolitionist chooses that his exertions for his fellows should be dignified by the more pretending, but empty name, of *philanthropy*, which costs nothing. To him we might forcibly apply the rebuke contained in those memorable words of the Savior of mankind—"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

J.

* Pliny Ep. Lib. 8.

EGERIA.

BY ADRIAN BEAUFAIN.

I.

THE worshipper of nature and the heart,
May in the lonely forest-depths survey
The Spirit which has made thee what thou art,
And crown'd with living loveliness thy lay.
There hast thou caught the breathings from a shrine
Too high for low devotion, and hast felt
How much may sorrow's oracle divine,
When its faint echoes thus o'ercome and melt.
Beauty thou breathest o'er the inanimate vale,
And in the night of silence, didst receive,
From voices long forgotten, such a tale,
As grief may love to hear, and grieving love believe.

II.

Ah! voices that have spoken to thee in power,
Yet with an accent so subdued and sweet,
They might have found their being in the flower,
Such as implores thee, smiling at thy feet;—

These have confirmed thee in the happier faith,
 That brought thee to indulgence and didst make
 Thy heart forgetful of its scorn and scath,
 And blessing all of earth for nature's sake.
 The storms that shake the blue and fretted vault,
 Came not within thy mission ; but for thee,
 Life's office is to soothe and to exalt,
 To mould and not o'erthrow, to bind and not to free.

III.

Blessings upon thy fetters ! which have given
 The freedom which the winged nature craves,
 Subjection first, and ere the seal is riven,
 Such chastening as becomes the worst of slaves ;
 The blindness which is born of profligate will,
 To couch,—and the insanity which has its birth
 In base self-worship and delusion still,
 To trample down, deep down in native earth.
 Nor hard to thee these offices, whose power,
 So child-like in its exercise declares
 The freshness and the pureness of a dower,
 That never lost its innocence in tears.

IV.

These make the harmony that works in thee,
 And thus boon nature to thy strength has given,
 The rugged fetters of the heart to free,
 As with the utterance of a word in Heaven.
 Thus do thy attributes of voice and eye,
 Grow to an essence exquisite and strong,
 As sounds that glow to stars when lifted high,
 As stars that, as they kindle, sink to song.
 The waters, 'neath a will thus married, break
 The seal that shut the fountain, and the soul
 Assumes that noble aspect it must take,
 If thou wouldst love, and God endow the whole.

V.

Go forth, in mercy, minister of gladness,
 Whose pulses sway the musical cords which bind
 The links of the selected, and from sadness
 Draw the best elements for heart and mind.
 Set free thy doves of nurture,—let thy song,
 Sweet song of meekness, bosom-toned and deep,
 Touch, and revive the wounded hearts that long
 Have only lived to want thee and to weep ;—
 Oh ! be thy spirit on the wild again,
 And let the waters from their blue abode,
 Bear gently forth the melancholy strain,
 Sweet strain, sad strain, dear music sent from God.

THE EPOCHS AND EVENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY, AS
SUITED TO THE PURPOSES OF ART.

THE EARLY SPANISH VOYAGERS.—HERNANDO DE SOTO AS A SUBJECT FOR ROMANCE.

FROM the first dawning of that era of discovery which led the European to our shores, the aspects were strange and strangely beautiful. We may compare them to those of a day, dim, indistinct, perhaps dark with many clouds, at first;—illumined only by occasional flashes of summer lightning;—growing gradually clearer with the day's advance,—the clouds passing off slowly to the distant west, and the gay, bright, oriental sun, finally, looking down, with the smile of a satisfied conqueror, over the new empires which have submitted to his sway. What happy flights of song,—what bursts of admiration,—may be supposed to have flowed from the spontaneous Frenchman, as he watched the progress of this day of revelation, in the new world;—and how did the solemn and swelling soul of the Spaniard dilate with immeasurable emotions as he sang *Te Deum* from the wild and narrow heights of Darien. The very conception of such a scene—the presence of the conqueror, not only in a world which he has conquered, but a world which, so far as he knows, has just come from the forming hands of God—looking down upon new oceans,—beholding a new and subject race, approaching him with a reverence which, in turn, almost makes him feel himself a God!—such a scene is a wondrous story in itself,—a story to burn upon the canvas, and breathe in life and beauty from the chiselled lips of stone! And how many scenes like these—what vast materials are here,—not only for brief description and happy apostrophe, but for elaborate and numerous verse! There are the voyages of Verazzani, of Cartier, of Roberval, of De la Roche, and Champlain;—and the history and fate of the French Settlements in Acadie, form a lovely story to themselves, which may be made the parent of a race of lovely stories. But a still richer and riper interest attends the history of Spanish discovery in our own immediate neighborhood.* Conspicuous as the first, Ponce de Leon was not less conspicuous among the discoverers, when we reflect upon the motive of his adventure. In his mind's eye rose ever the image of a mysterious fountain; its roots in earth, its wondrous properties directly caught from Heaven. The fountain of perpetual youth! Waters of life, and youth, and unfading beauty! What a dream of poetry was this,—none more delicious, none more chaste, or noble, in the whole compass of ancient fable. But, the dream was a faith in those days, which, if it led not to the thing it fancied, led to objects and discoveries scarcely less wondrous; and the fountain of youth and eternal beauty, which inspired the adventure of Ponce de Leon, may not seem wholly an irrational vision if we regard it as an allegory, promising to the nations a new empire for the liberty of the intellectual man. It may be held as the image of other moral objects scarcely less grateful and attractive, when we remember that the infant was already in the cradle whose

* Speaking for the State of Georgia.

future fearless voice was destined to shake the mitred city upon her seven-hilled foundations.* In those days of gloom, gorgeous and romantic, the image of a glorious fountain rising suddenly upon the landscape, throwing up amidst the dark ancestral shade trees of a thousand years, the gracious and bright waters of a new principle and promise,—drops of pearl and diamond,—drops of fire and of light—sparkling with myriad scintillations,—blessing with freshness, and an odor that might well have been caught from rosy clouds hanging close about the heights of Heaven!—such a fancy might well allegorize and declare the approaching enlargement of the moral aim, and the religious action of the age, and such a fountain might appropriately grow in the new hemisphere, since the spiritual hopes of men depend so greatly upon the political freedom and the social comforts which they are permitted to enjoy. It is from its faith, even in such visions, that a people advances to achievement. It is from such fancies that the poet plucks his richest chaplets of romance and song. His mines of legendary lore are there—his brightest pendants and pearls of fancy!—and there they still lie awaiting his spells to unveil,—awaiting his hand to gather,—the waters untasted, the fruits unplucked,—unsought and unregarded—along the melancholy shores of Florida. Shall the witch hazel conduct any of our brothers, in our time, to these precious but unvalued treasures? Shall we see these jewels of Tampa glittering around the brows of our triumphant minstrel? Shall none of us behold,—shall none of us partake them? Will there come after us, the Bards who shall grow great and glorious in spoils which might have been ours, and mock that blindness which leaves to them, what had given to us, the perfect realization of the very faith which moved the enterprise of Ponce de Leon—youth, life, and perpetual beauty? We must not wait for the answer!

The fate of Ponce de Leon—the fading of his dream of youth—the baffling of his fervent and phrenzied hope—the pang of his defeat—the loss of his life,—these are things of which the artist may weave the most beautiful forms and substances, which shall delight the souls of coming generations. We pass over the adventures of Diego Miruelo, of Grijalva, and Garay. We must pass, without regard, other names, which, hereafter, shall be guide-stones to many a buried treasure. We can only sample from the vast masses which lie around us. We linger, for an instant, upon the two voyages of Lucas Vasquez de Ayillon, since his adventures have for us a local interest, and would of themselves furnish materials for a story equally picturesque and tragic. The scene of his story is in our immediate neighborhood. His business was that of a piracy which cupidity had legalized. He enters the waters of the Combahee in Carolina—beguiles the unsuspecting natives on board his vessel, and suddenly sets sail, carrying two hundred of them into captivity. One of his vessels founders with the loss of crew and captives. Such of the latter as survive, are doomed to perpetual bondage in the slave markets of Hayti. But his profits far exceed his losses, and he determines upon a repetition of the game. His honorable achievement is rewarded by his monarch

* Martin Luther.

with a commission, which confers upon him exclusive powers of robbery along the shores which he has already ravaged. He prepares himself for the conquest of the country, and appropriating his whole fortune to the enterprise, descends with a powerful fleet to his cruel work. But he came not to conquer. He was destined, under the decree of a mightier monarch, to a far different reward. As if by the overruling will of Providence, his largest vessel was stranded in the very river where his first crime had been committed. In the moment of storm and peril, while his people are struggling in the waters of the sea, they are set upon by the natives of the country. Mercy is none for the unmerciful; and the people of Combahee amply avenged themselves in the blood of the pirates. But few escaped the slaughterous hands of the savage; and we may fancy the wild whoop of the red man, as with hand wreathed in the hair of his victim, and knife at his throat, he recognized the pale features of the mercenary spoiler who had dragged from him, into hopeless foreign captivity, the sister or the brother of his love. The peculiar fate of De Aylon is left in doubt, but is supposed to have been suited to his deserts. That he perished here, is understood. The tradition is that, less fortunate than his comrades, he was made captive by the Indians, and reserved for the terrific horrors of the fiery torture. At all events, whatever may have been the manner of his death, it is involved in that happy obscurity, which leaves the poet at perfect liberty so to shape his catastrophe, as to adapt it to the general exigencies of his story.

The fortunes of Pamphilo de Narvaez, interesting as they may be made in the hands of a skilful artist, will not detain us; but passing rapidly over our records, we pause and linger upon the history of an expedition, of which, it appears to us, the material for romance is at once conspicuous and complete. Hernando de Soto was an accomplished cavalier and an ambitious warrior. He had won the laurels of battle,—he had won the favors of the court. He was generally regarded as a fine ideal of the noble Spanish gentleman! A courtier, in high esteem, the smiles of beauty had not enfeebled his military enterprise. As a companion of the famous Pizarro, he had acquired high reputation in Peru;—had surpassed his comrades in valor, and returned to Spain, equally fortunate in the spoils and the honors of adventure. But these do not suffice. He is unsatisfied. The glorious deeds of Cortes and Pizarro, keep him feverish and sleepless; and he is seized with the fancy of finding, in Florida, a second Tenochtitlan or Peru. Florida, in that day, it must be remembered, was considered *par excellence*, the peculiar world of romance. A melancholy cloud-land it was, not the less suited, because it was cloud-land, for the purposes of fiction. Its sun-bright hues and sullen shadows, mingled in singular unison, seemed to promise the possession of vast and mysterious treasures. Washed by the blue waters of the Gulph—itself a wonder—its shores dotted with innumerable little, sudden, uprising islands, that lay like so many bright gems along the surface of the deep—its margins covered with rich wild flowers that perfumed the summer breezes an hundred miles from land—its forests,

and green tracts of equal sea and forest*—filled with birds of strangest voice and most glorious plumage, that rose in flight, at the approach of the stranger, almost unscared, in chattering clouds, whose wings seemed borrowed of the rainbow and the sun:—these, and other wondrous peculiarities, were only so many proofs of an indefinite and attractive promise. Surely, said the European,—surely, there are great cities,—empires like those of Peru and Mexico,—hidden deep among those mighty retreats of shadow. These dark grey mountains along the Appalachian chain, are surely fruitful in the precious minerals and metals! Such were the convictions of De Soto;—and, with a mighty train,—men in armor—shining with the rich plumage and gay panoply of a court,—wearing the spurs of knighthood, and decorated with the favors of beauty—a thousand noble cavaliers!—he set forth, as if upon some pleasant masquerade,—some gay carnival procession—to explore those dark, mysterious forests,—to find out those hidden cities of the Floridian—to conquer their wild, plume-browed warriors, and to dive, with greedy haste, into the bowels of their treasure-keeping mountains. From first to last, his progress is a long and touching story. Seeking empire, his first step is made upon the neck of affection! He heeds neither the prayers, nor the tears of love, and dreaming only of the sordid objects of his search, he tears himself away from the wife of his bosom. Such are the usual sacrifices which diseased ambition is called upon to make. It is not wealth, nor life, merely, that he risks. He sets at hazard the dearer treasures of love, in his insane search after more precious jewels;—as if any jewels of the sight deserved to be named as precious with the priceless jewels of the heart! What must have been his parting with that wife! How touching,—if he held in her heart the same high place which he seems to have held in the hearts of all others. She,—sinking forward, sinking downward, in her agony—with outstretched arms, and streaming eyes which vainly strain and follow, long after the white sails have set which bear him forever from her sight. He,—looking only along his path—hurrying his departure,—proud in hope, and flinging from him the sweet restraints of love, with as much haste, as if they had been so many fetters keeping him back from his true performance. Thus he passes from Cuba to the sea, and our next scene beholds him descending upon the lonely shores of Tampa,—that wild but lovely region, whose subdued but picturesque beauties have been married to a sweet song, by one of our own Southern minstrels.† But the plaintive musings of our Bard, are not those of the fierce, ambitious Spaniard. The thoughts of De Soto do not dwell on the decay of mortal life, or the disappointments of human hearts. These are musings from which he rather shrinks, whether in scorn or self-rebuke, as by no means suited to the purpose in his soul, or the adventure which lies before him. If his mind meditates at all upon the blue waters of the gulf, as they break, mournfully sounding upon

"Tampa's desert strand,"

it is with no moral contemplation. He thinks only of the golden

* The Everglades.

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† Richard Henry Wilde.

treasures which they wash, and of the proud, opulent cities which are supposed to lie, hidden deep, among the far hills and forests from which their tributary streams descend. A fearless and high spirited warrior, there is a touch of lofty character, visible even in the most mercenary movements of his mind. Uninfluenced by any such necessity as governed Cortes,—for the soldiers of De Soto shared in all his hopes and expectations, and eagerly adopted the adventure,—he yet emulates that admirable conqueror in one of the grandest acts of his life. De Soto does not destroy his shipping, but he as effectually deprives himself of its help. He dismisses it,—peremptorily commands its return to Cuba, leaving himself no means of flight. It was not that he distrusted his people or himself. It was in the dilatations of a proud soul that he thus resolved, emulous of a career and deeds like those of Cortes and Pizarro. He will not suffer any feeble longings for home to baffle his ungovernable ambition, and depriving himself of all motive to fear,—cutting himself off from all succour—he turns his back upon the vacant sea, and gives the signal for his march to conquest. To this moment, all is bright and encouraging before his eyes. Who, looking on such an array,—a thousand gallant warriors—the very pride and flower of the court of Spain,—could otherwise than feel exultation! With less than one hundred men had Pizarro commenced his march through the empire of the Incas. What was that force to his—those men, the outcasts, and offscourings of earth,—to the high-spirited chivalry which he commanded. He had but to compare them, their character and numbers, to rejoice in all the assurances of hope. He did not ask,—though this inquiry was of the very last importance—whether the people of Apalachia were like the descendants of Manco Capac. He was yet to learn the vast difference between the most timid and the most fearless races in the world;—between the gentle people, whose nature seems to have been drawn in the likeness of their own innocent animal, the Llama,—and that fierce nation, whose kindred tribes, stretching from the mountains of Virginia to those of Guatemala, were as tenacious of their soil, as impatient of intrusion, and as deadly in their blow, as their own emblematic rattle-snake. The Floridian warrior met De Soto on the very threshhold of his country, and never failed to meet him, at every step which he took into the interior. The days of the Spaniard, from the first of his landing at Tampa, were numbered by battles—his path-way, every where, was mapped out in blood! Still he marched, still he battled, and still he bled! It was the saddest sort of consolation, to himself and followers, that he always conquered. A conquest which secures nothing but a temporary respite from blows and exertion, is scarcely cause for human exultation.

We follow him through this march of conquest, as through the second act of a great drama. He reaches the mountains of Apalachy. He looks down on the waters of the Mississippi. He *finds* a great city!—but not such as were great in Peru!—great in wealth and splendor, the magnitude and durability of their fabrics and the gorgeousness of their materials; but great in great hearts,—brave warriors, and sagacious men!—a sort of greatness which most effectually

baffles the ambition of the adventurer, and subdues the audacity of Spanish knighthood to the unwonted modesty of fear. The stern savages of the Mississippi, while the Spaniards occupy their city, from which the proprietors have been expelled,—anticipate that wondrous achievement of the Russian, which, in recent times, baffled the genius of Napoleon, and drove him homeward, palsied, panic-stricken, pursued by arrows of ice and fire. In the still hour of midnight, while sleep hangs heavy over the camp of the wearied conquerors,—while the sentinels drowsed, satisfied that the victory is complete and all is secure,—the brave and still undiscomfited warriors of the Chickasah, gather in silence to their prey. In a moment, at a given signal—the wild howl of the wolf which calls for the corresponding clamors of the herd,—they surround their enemies and apply the torch to the crowded tenements of thatch and reed. The conquerors awaken in a sea of flame. A sky of fire is above their heads,—a bed of fire is beneath their feet, and the terrible war whoop of the desperate savage, rings, peal upon peal, resounding in their ears. What a scene for the poet and the painter! The fright of the conquerors as they start in terror from their sleep—seeking for flight with outstretched arms—stunned and blinded—running to and fro, amid the flames, pursued by their thousand tongues, shrieking with feeble cry,—stammering with bewildered question—while, all in vain, the voice of discipline strives to recall and rally the scattered senses of valor. Over all, that terrible cry prevails—a howl fit only for the midnight—by which the savage increases the terrors of his foe, while announcing his own desperate revenge. Amidst the clamor and confusion, he alone preserves his senses! With busy hand, and greedy hate, and prompt direction, he penetrates the narrow streets. With stone hatchet and shortened lance, he rushes from victim to victim, with a fury as wild as that which his own brands have kindled. He has no mercy in his mood. All is death and vengeance, and the Spaniard can save himself only by the veteran resolution—the better armor—the more efficient weapons of his time and country. That was a night for the painter of the wilder passions!—a night not less terrible and cruel than the famous *triste noche*, so proverbial for the retreat of Cortes over the causeways of Mexico. It will glow upon the canvas a fit parallel with that,—so like it in its cause and consequences—the struggle of the freeman against the tyrant—the citizen against the invader—in both cases, the victim being the Spaniard, and the conqueror, in all probability, the descendant of a common stock. The streets of the Apalachian, traversed by fire and watched by the savage warrior, formed passages as grim with death as the narrow causeways of Mexico, the sluggish lake on either hand, and the fierce Mexican crowding close in his canoe for the first glimpses of the hated fugitive. In both cases, the Spaniard could boast of a victory in his escape. But the victory was like that of Pyrrhus, which leaves the conqueror undone. The scene closed in the momentary triumph of the European—discipline, which succeeds always, enabling De Soto to shake himself free from the flames and from his ene-

my, and to rally his surviving warriors for newer marches, and perils equally severe.

The last act in the melancholy drama of De Soto's fortunes is at hand. But, even while dying, he is not permitted the mournful consolation of feeling that he remains the conqueror. A messenger from the warriors of Apalachy seeks his bed of death. He comes, as the Spaniard fondly believes, to make submission—to tender the earth and the water of his realm in tribute to the superior genius of European civilization. But he has mistaken the spirit of his foe. Instead of submission,—instead of bent knee and suppliant aspect—the fearless representative of this fearless race, breathes nothing but defiance! Standing over the miserable couch which sustains the feeble form of the dying Hidalgo, he sounds within his shuddering ear, the fearful war whoop of his tribe—that cry so well known, so suddenly heard, so terribly remembered, in the awful conflict of the melancholy night;—then, dashing through the assembled but astounded captains, regains his native wilderness in safety.

What a death bed was that of Hernando de Soto! There, on the banks of the Mississippi—his most memorable discovery—in whose waters he is to find a grave—his hopes baffled—his people thinned by slaughter to timid, trembling few—conscious himself of approaching death—dreaming no longer of empire and conquest—gold or golden cities—but only how the remnant of his band shall be rescued from the savage!—That savage, too, even in that moment, plumed and powerful, bending down above his couch, and shrieking in his ear that proverbial whoop of death which has so often chilled the heart of valor, and palsied the arm of strength. How easy to associate and to contrast this scene with the first;—this scene of hopelessness, defeat and death, with that first setting forth, all music and exultation, of his gorgeous expedition.

But the moral rests not in this single contrast. The eye of the poet will not confine itself to these. He will look above and beyond them. He will go back to the desolate wife,—meek and mournful,—standing on the shores of Cuba, and looking forth, late at evening, for the return of the dusky white sail which her eyes shall never see. Oh! how dearer to him, where he lies, than all his dreams of ambition, were she but nigh in this parting moment—bending over his bed of death, wiping the cold dews from his clammy forehead, and catching the last broken accents of his late returning love!

STANZAS.

FORGIVE me if my looks are sad,
When thou art free from aught like wo,
I would be, if I could be, glad,
And thou alone canst make me so.

Let but thy cheek be pale awhile,
And dim thine eye, and cloud thy mien,
And bid thy lip refuse to smile,
And be as sad as I have been.

MISERERE.

A MOTHER sits beside her child,
 With lips, God only knows when smiled,
 And eyes with watching weary:
 Her bosom grieving, bursting, aching,
 As one from hideous dreams awaking,
 Throughout that darkness dreary.

She hears the night bird from the wood,
 Mourn in his sable feather-hood,
 She hears her own heart beating;
 The dull watch ticking 'gainst the wall,
 The leaves that rustle as they fall,
 Aslant the window fleeting.

The shadows waving to and fro,
 Across the bed clothes noiseless go,
 Across the face of DEATH.
 The bloodless cheeks their life regain,
 And part the pallid lips again,
 Yet part without a breath.

The golden locks, the waveless breast,
 The silken lashes soft that rest
 Upon and shade the face;
 All that *was* pure and loved and bright,
 All that *is* chill and clothed in night,
 Sleeps in the shroud's embrace.

Not swiftly spent, but day by day,
 This mother noted, fade away
 The light, with anguishl sore.
 A sea retreating wave by wave,
 That ebbing, left to view the grave
 Deep yawning in the shore.

Oh! Niobe, who thus doth mourn
 A daughter from thy bosom torn;
 Oh! 'plaining heart, be dumb.
 TU, QUI CUNCTA SCIS ET VALES,
 QUI NOS PACIS HIC MORTALES,
 JESU, DA SOLATIUM.

LADY WILLOUGHBY'S DIARY.*

SOME periods of history are to us very sacred; and as the events which mark such times, progress; as the faith which characterizes them, develops; as the characters which illustrate them, advance more boldly forward to the fore ground in their scene of action, we realize with an almost painful intensity the presence of "powers and principalities" not of this earth. The records of these times possess, of course, an interest which it is not easy to describe, except in language which, to very many, would be unmeaning, and to most, exaggerated. The History of the Rebellion in England includes one of these periods. We are among those—shall we blush as it is written?—who believe that Laud was a martyr and that Charles was a saint; who recognize in the majesty of the great usurper, a manifestation of Satanic power, unrivalled but in the gloomy grandeur of his own Laureate's Pandemonium; and who feel that this mighty contest was not concentrated at Naseby, nor consummated at Whitehall, but was fought with various fortunes, at almost every hearth in England, giving supernatural dignity to every struggle and consecrating all silent sufferers with holy grace. It may, then, be imagined, with what eagerness we ordered the book, the title of which we give above. It lies before us—and there is much promise in its antique-fashioned paper and quaint spelling and peculiar binding; but, alas! before we opened it, the charm had, in a large measure, departed. We had learned that it was a fiction. It was, as though we had stood in Carisbrook Castle, and marked with curious reverence the spots sacred to the memory of the royal sufferer, and then, when feeling had been kindled to its warmest glow, and the present had been changed into the past, we had been coldly told that the real castle had many years ago been destroyed with fire, and this was but an exact imitation of the original. It was, indeed, a sore trial, and nothing but the exceeding beauty of the book, as a book, could have secured a reading. As it is, we have rarely seen so admirable a deception, and there are passages which, even now, we read with great incredulity as to the alledged fiction. These portions belong to the domestic history of Lady Willoughby, and we do not think that the political allusions are equally felicitous. They want the air of reality which belongs to the rest of the book. They are at times disconnected, and the spirit in which many of them are made, lacks that tenderness and feminine sympathy towards the unfortunate actors which must have characterized so gentle and loving a woman as Lady Willoughby. The incidental mention of men, obscure at the time, but filling afterwards large places in the public eye—the casual references to passing events, which are afterwards recognized as the weights of the political balance, and which give such interest to real memoirs, look, in these pages, somewhat too conscious of their entailed importance.

* So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the reign of Charles I. Imprinted for Longman, Brown, etc., etc. London: 1845.

"Late in the day Mr. Gage rode up; he tells us Mr. John Hampden hath refused the late demand for ship money; discontent increasing every where. The proceedings of the Starre Chamber against Prynne and others, have roused, &c."—p. 47.

"One Mr. Oliver Cromwell they speak of, as much stirred by the unhappy state of affaires, and they have found him to be a man of shrewd judgement and possessing great energy and determination."—p. 51.

But there is one incident, we may venture to call it politico-domestic—so real, and told with such a graceful simplicity, that it must be quoted:

"We walked down to the village at an early hour, just in time to see the procession of the May Pole, which was adorned with ribbons and garlands; lads and lasses were at their merry games,—the Queen in her holie-day finery and crowne of floures, looking happier than the wearer of a real crown, I ween: groups of old people looking on; for a while there was a lack of young men and maidens, but a number shortly appeared as Robin Hood, Maid Marien, &c. Methought some of the elder folks look'd grave, and at one side of the green, a stern looking man dress'd in a loose coat and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud, harsh tone. My husband left me, and went towards them; after listening a few minutes to the discourse, he made as though he would speak: but he mett with discourteous reception and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The speaker look'd on his long curl'd locks and lace ruffis with too great abhorrence, to think him worthy his notice, and only went on with the more bitterness to set forth the diabolical wickednesse of the dance and the vanity of all such amusements."—pp. 43, 44.

The rest of the passage finishes the picture with great beauty, but we have no room for it. In how many quiet and blessed homes of England, was this scene a reality, until, to use their own eloquence, the seal of the vial was broken, and the blackness of darkness came upon the land, and at the blessing of Puritanism, as at the curse of Pharaoh, noisome creatures swarmed even in kings' palaces. And here, before we proceed to extract from the domestic portion of this diary, we will express one regret, and that is, that the author should have seen fit to make Lady Willoughby's husband a parliamentarian. And we regret it because it destroys the naturalness of what is otherwise a most lovely character. Indeed, we have seldom experienced a more unpleasant feeling of unfitness, than upon reading the lady's notice of the venerable Laud. We had seen her in the holy quiet of her private devotions—smiled with her in the household mirth of her beautiful children—sorrowed with her over her first-born—sympathized with her loyal love and graceful reverence for "her dearest Lord." And when we reached the pages of her Diary, which must record the unholy murder of that grey haired prelate—although we had learned how far Lord Willoughby had fallen from his duty to his God and his allegiance to his king—we looked, at least, for woman's ordinary horror at cruelty and blood. But, no—the wife who reverences her husband as her master in the Lord, can, in the holy head of the church, whose solemn service had bound that husband to her by bands of sacred love, see but a peevish prelate, who is over

particular about the Liturgy—the child who watches with the anxiety of a surpassing affection, the last slumbers of her aged mother, who dwells, when the parting grief is over, upon “the calm, peaceful countenance; her eyes mostly closed as in sleep; the silvery hair parted upon her forehead;” how “twice or thrice she asked for water to drink, and smiled affectionately upon all around;” (p. 82) this child speaks with no holy indignation, when “the silvery hair” of one as venerable as that mother, is dabbled in his own blood—when the eyes of “this poore old man” (p. 163) are closed, not as in sleep, but upon the terrors and ignominy of a gory scaffold, where the licentious mob, as mobs had done his master aforetime, scoffed at him and reviled him. Now surely this is unnatural;—the womanly sympathy, the generous love, the considerate kindness which win all hearts in the earlier part of the Diary, could never have written the coldly pitying entry of Laud’s martyrdom. But we did not commence with an intention to criticise, and we go on to our extracts from the domestic portion of the Diary. Of these, no praise could well be extravagant.

There is one observation in which we think most persons will agree,—that this marriage does not seem to have been, what is technically called, “a love match.” Lord Willoughby appears to be a grave and dignified peer, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, kind to his tenantry, loving to his wife, but not much given to sentiment, and yet withal admiring Sir Philip Sydney, and not forgetful of

“That better portion of a good man’s life,
His nameless, unremembered acts of love,”

a much older person than his fair lady, and one of whom she stands, at least in the earlier days of her journal, in no little awe. Indeed, one of the chief beauties of the book, is the gradual unfolding of both their affections; and it is with exquisite grace that the Diary paints, how as one and another of those human stays on which her young feelings had been trained, depart, she finds in the increasing tenderness of her husband an unfaltering support—“Father thou art to me and most dear,” etc. But let the Diary speak for itself:

“Arose at my usual houre, six of the clocke, for the first time since the birth of my little sonne; opened the easement and looked forth upon the park; a herd of deer pass’d by leaving the traces of their footstamps in the dewy grasse. The birds sang, and the aire was sweet with the scent of the wood-binde and the fresh birch leaves. Took down my Bible; found the mark at the 103d Psalm; read the same and return’d thanks to Almighty God, that he had brought me safely through my late peril and extremity, and in his great bountie had given me a deare little one. Pray’d him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right performance of my new and sacred duties; truly I am a young mother and need help. Sent a message to my lord, that if it so pleased him, I would take breakfast with him in the Blue Parlour. At noon walked out on the south terrace; the two greyhounds came leaping towards me,” &c.—pp. 1, 2.

We omit much that is very beautiful, and copy what follows, for the exquisite picture it contains:

“My deare lorde set forth at a little past six with only one serving man

who had a led horse and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode some way they stopp'd, and my lord dismounted, and taking a short cut thro' the Park, came up to the window, where I had remained to watch his departure. He bade me call the steward, gave him some directions; then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender leave, and followed by Armstrong, returned to the place where were the horses, and he mounting the led horse, they were soone out of sight. Old Britton seemed to understand he was not to follow his master, and came and reared himself up to the window, resting his fore paws on the stone; I patted his broad head, and questioned not that he felt as I did, that his best friend was gone. Took a few turns with him on the terrace; the mist cleared off the distant woods and fields, and I plainly discerned the towers of Framlingham Castle, and could heare the pleasant sound of the scythe cutting through the thicke grasse in the fields nearest, and the cuckoo as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge."—pp. 10, 11.

The spirit of the book is, we think, lost, in making extracts, and, to a full enjoyment of its truthfulness, there is perhaps necessary, some familiarity with the public events of the time, which, like stormy and brokeen clouds, now shadowed with gloom and now cheered with transient sunshine, the quiet spots of social life over which they passed. By far the more touching portions of the Diary, we cannot, however, consent to open out for critical inspection; such passages, for instance, as dwell upon her mother's blessed converse, and renew, with a sorrowful enthusiasm, the solemn glory of her Christian death—or those in which she vainly attempts to preserve some memorial of her first great agony, the loss of her beautiful boy. We know hearts that will throb sadly, and bright eyes that will see dimly, here. We know young people who will lay aside this journal of a woman's life with timid hopes and tender fears, and old people, whose memories will travel back to far off days, and start at forgotten voices,—who will not ask, whether all this be true, but with us will utter a benediction on the heart that felt and the hand that wrote, these things.

With one or two extracts, made at random, we conclude. We have opened at page 187, (86 Am. Ed.,) and although it might be excluded under our resolution, we will trust it to our readers' sympathy:

"Sitting yesterday, toward evening, in the bay-window, in great abstraction of minde, oppressed by a sense of my lonely condition, I did weepe unrestrainedly, knowing not that I was perceived by any, until a little hand was put into mine, and Lizzy's face was rays'd up to kisse mee. Sorrowfull thoughts could not be at once set aside, and I did not speake to her for a time, for my heart was heavy. She sate quietly downe at my feet with a gentle, loving looke, and so remained. The raine had ceased, and the sunne shon in through the side casement. The light, as it fell upon her golden haire, made her seeme like to the holy children in the Italian pictures; of such methought are the kingdom of Heaven; thus looketh and haply is even now nigh unto mee, separated only by this veil of flesh, the spirit of my precious child; as the flower of the field, so he perished, and my heart yet yearneth after him, my first-borne. Arose and took Lizzy in my armes and held her to the window. A few pale flowers of the Musk Rose smelled sweetly after the raine. Di and Fanny were running on the terrace; wee went out to them, and they were as

merrie as birds, and I did put from me my own griefe. Very gracious is the Lord unto me, and in him will I trust."

One more, and we have done, and it "points a moral."—

"And the King, deare husband, I asked, is he safe? will he depart the countrey? No man knoweth, he reply'd; he will not be permitted to leave the countrey if guards and strong castles can prevent. He is safe so far as concerns his life; he may be deprived of power or even of his crowne, but on no plea can they take his life, and yet who shall say where they will stop? I would lay downe my life to know him to be safe; we have fought and striven, and have set a stone rolling that haply will crush all that come in its way—Laws, Parliament, or even the King himselfe. My husband leant downe his head on the table, and hid his face on his arme, and so remained overwhelmed by the prospect of misery before us. I ventured not to speake; it is an awfull thing to behold the spirit of a strong man shaken, and to hear sobbes burst forth from his over burthened heart."—p. 203.

The closing tenderness of the passage we omit, and, without further remark, commend the volume to all who know how to prize, what the motto to Wiley & Putnam's cheap re-print of this journal, calls "Books which are Books." T.

DUTY.

WELL hast thou said, that mine was but a madness;

The toys I sought, the pleasant hopes pursued,

Sweetly they seem'd to smile, and shapes of gladness,

Gathered in fancy, won as soon as woo'd.

But soothly has the sage denounc'd the pleasure

Thus quickly yielding to the grasp and lure;

How small its worth, how very brief its measure,

How formed to cheat, how little to endure.

There is nought sure but sorrow and transition,

And best he wills, who to his task has brought,

The stern resolve to work in his condition,

Nor to its profit nor its loss give thought.

The duty is not less assign'd to being,

Though not a smile of fortune crowns the toil,

There is no refuge from the task in fleeing,

And wisdom makes it happiness to moil.

Not from the bird or beast we take our moral,—

Man only has the privilege to wear

His crown of thorns, far nobler than the laurel,—

And wins his immortality from care.

He forfeits his high destiny, imploring

That freedom which is subject to him still;

The dog that sleeps, the bird that sings in soaring—

These are but lowly vassals at his will.

Greendale, Ala.

BERNARD HILTON.

A FOREIGNER'S FIRST GLIMPSES OF GEORGIA.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. GUENEBEAULT

I.

THE traveller who leaves the low and sandy stretches of country which extend along the Atlantic coasts of South-Carolina and Georgia, with an eye accustomed to, and weary of, the eternal horizon of plains, feels himself relieved and delighted, as, passing through Wilkes' County, in the latter State, he approaches Athens. Here the country begins to swell into gentle acclivities, and to assume that more various aspect which delights a lover of the picturesque. If the traveller be a foreigner, as is the case with myself, he will receive, in addition, certain moral suggestions, which will heighten, in his eyes, the charms of the natural world. He will rejoice at the momently increasing proofs which he beholds of the irresistible power of civilization and industry, over the rude and unpliant nature, and the wonderful rapidity with which, in America, the city and the village spring up from the umbrageous cover of the trackless forest. Where, but late, stood the lodge of aboriginal council, he encounters the towers of the Christian church;—where crouched the wigwam, he hails the portly and the proud hotel; the magic and the mummery of the medicine bag, gives way to the more wholesome and holy mysteries of college and academy; and the public library, embodying the histories and the wisdom of countless ages, usurps the eminence once occupied by the stake of torture, and the stones of a bloody sacrifice. But forty years ago, and two dwellings of the white man held possession of the spot which is now made to smile and triumph in the possession of a lovely town like Athens. Its territory was then the property of the fierce and bloody Muscoghees. And now!—look upon it, where it smiles, sunnily, along the slopes of a gentle eminence the base of which is washed by the rippling waters of the Oconee, from whose quiet surface is glanced back the sweet array of its neat and pleasant cottages. For some distance before you attain the perfect prospect, the eye catches the lofty outlines of Franklin College, which, beheld from afar, reminds one of those silent and ancient castles, which invite us even while they frown, along the banks of the goblin and robber haunted Rhine. The illusion becomes more complete, as the structure rises from a wilderness of embowering trees. It is skirted by showy dwellings, whose glittering white outlines happily contrast with the flushing green of the vegetation that surrounds them.* From Athens, the

* Franklin College possesses a good library, a rich apparatus for natural history, and a fine chemical laboratory. To the patience and perseverance of Dr. M. Ward, formerly one of its professors, it owes a good botanical garden, in a well selected spot, but a short distance from the college buildings. A running stream by which it is watered, assists greatly in the nourishment and prosperity of its aquatic plants, and here the luscious fruits of Europe, and the bright and fragrant productions of the tropics, are found happily associated. The garden

country continues to rise with gentle undulations, until you approach Madison, when the ascent becomes more rapid. This varied and well wooded country presents a series of romantic and lovely landscapes. The road carries you over mountains, of unequal elevations, until you descend to the springs, the waters of which possess a high celebrity throughout the State for their chalybeate properties. They constitute the Bath, the Brighton, and the Brunnens, of upper Georgia, and attract visitors, during the proper season, from other States. Here the Southern amateurs of the *far niente* make their rendezvous at the calls of summer, and show a reasonable wisdom in preferring this domestic retreat to any of the more notorious and more fashionable of the North. It well deserves their preference. For the solace of the mind and the invigoration of the body, the springs of Madison are unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in the United States. The air of that region is remarkably pure and dry, more pleasant than the keen and piercing atmosphere of the higher mountains of Georgia. Health and pleasure, animation and repose, are here offered to the valetudinarian on terms which could scarcely be so moderate were the virtues of the region better known and more generally acknowledged.*

The route from Madison to Carnesville takes you along a road in which the Georgia landscape assumes more majestic aspects. Carnesville, like a thousand of our Southern points, is a name only. It is commended by its scenery. Ere you arrive at Clarksville, the traveler is stopped by the Currahee, the sentinel mountain, the advanced post of a grand army of mountains. The Currahee is composed of three *plateaux*. On the summit, you find a track which leads you downward some thirty feet, and here you take perch upon a flat mass of rock which overhangs a frightful abyss. A narrow ledge only is allowed you upon which to stand. Looking around from this ticklish elevation, the eye grasps a vast and imposing panorama. A boundless sea of forest encircles you far as the vision can extend, from which, at points the most scattered and remote, you see the slender white smoke creeping out and curling upward, the tribute to the covering sky from the lonely camp of the hunter, or the quite as lonely cabin of the solitary settler. In this charmingly diversified region, over which nature has cast her richest mantle,—where intricate and romantic vallies, stretch away in subjection to towering and

is at once an excellent means for the instruction of the students, and a delightful promenade for the inhabitants. Franklin College was not at first successful. For many years, notwithstanding the superior worth and talents of its first president, the venerable Dr. Waddell, the institution made slow progress. There were several causes for this which the abilities of the president would vainly have striven to amend. Since his day, and under that of its present excellent administration, the case is altered. The college is now flourishing and enjoys a high reputation which is constantly on the increase. The local attractions of Athens, the facilities by rail road for approaching it, the liberality of the trustees, and the improving condition of society, are all contributing to increase its claims to patronage.

* The springs of Madison are more largely impregnated with iron than is usual with chalybeate waters. This commends them particularly to those who suffer from debility.

sun-enlivened hills,—where the wild rock frowns, with seeming scorn, upon defiles as beautiful as those of Tempe, and a warm meadow land, with sloping glades, glories in the most luxuriant vegetation,—the progress of the traveller should be slow and his eye busy. Would he see and joy in what he sees, let him sometimes wander from the beaten path, and penetrate the unknown world of beauty which so frequently sleeps unseen beside it.

Toccoa Falls are four miles N. E. distant from the Currahee. The way leading to them is smiling with verdure and foliage, and the balmy air is redolent with odoriferous perfumes. At a distance of one mile from the Falls, the traveller spies a small creek; then a right hand pathway leads him from dell to glen, by more and more intricate windings. Soon, he becomes sensible of the peculiar freshness of the air, and the distant deep-toned voice of the falls, is spread and perpetuated in a succession of wild echoes around him. Passing another little stream, he finally penetrates into the last dell by a path, narrow at the first, but gradually widening, and, under the most beautiful trees, forming an arched *berceau*, he reaches the natural basin in which the cascade finds repose.

A gigantic wall of granite, one hundred and sixty-four feet perpendicular, serves as a back ground to the bewitching picture of the site. Toccoa Creek, after having performed a thousand meanderings above, reaches the top of that natural wall, and leaps over its ledge with a deafening shout. The body of waters, hurled down with thrilling rapidity, is not unlike a snow white sheet thrown out in folds the most elegant. The drapery is nobly suited to the form which it develops. At the foot of the basin lies a conical rock upon which the boisterous element, incessantly bounding and rioting, boils up into a silvery spray, through which sparkle the prismatic hues of the rainbow. Foaming onward, in this manner, for a while, it ploughs its way at length into a more tranquil channel. Finally, the beetling rocks are decked with the richest vegetation, fringed with wild pines, and the whole picture is clothed, from the base to its summit, with a most luxuriant forest.

Tullulah Falls are twelve miles distant from Clarksville. Two miles from the falls, by the way side and in the woods, is the solitary cabin of a hunter, by the name of Taylor, (at that time) the ordinary guide of the traveller. The first place to which he conducts you, is above the point, where the falls, having collected into a dark and brawling torrent, rush headlong, with impatient struggle, along their foaming and precipitous course. Next is the "devil's pulpit," so called from a projecting rock, which, as it overhangs the boiling whirlpool below, is supposed to resemble a pulpit. On the opposite rock the attention is attracted by the most magnificent colors, occasioned by the decomposition of mineral and vegetable matter, and by the world of beautiful lichens. These display every variety of shade and tint, from the lightest to the deepest green, verging into brown and sombre. Generally, the inexperienced traveller readily yields to the fanciful idea that these colors are the faded images of animals, birds, hieroglyphs, painted by the Indian worshipper. To the left,

and almost in the clouds, the eye catches a silvery streak from among the trees; this liquid silver vaults forward, expands as it plunges, and increasing its velocity with its progress, seems finally to undergo a terrible torture, as it is torn from rock to rock, and from ledge to ledge, in a succession of wild cataracts, the whole terminating in a cascade, which, bounding into the vortex, flings up its cloud of spray, even in the moment of its rest, which glitters with the most deep and gorgeous colors.

Properly to enjoy this prospect, the traveller, from the high station which he has hitherto occupied, must descend where the imprisoned water as it swept along, has scooped out for itself, amidst the solid rocks, a most capacious channel. This descent is attended with some difficulty, and a certain dash of danger, which naturally heightens the beauty of the prospect. You are required, in order to make this progress, to avail yourself of the projecting rock, to snatch at the impending limb, the convenient tuft and root, beholding, all the while, dark glimpses of the abyss beside you, the bottom of which is lost in shadow five hundred feet below. The voices of the torrent rush up to you as you proceed, with a shrill laughter, a wild and mocking clamor, like that of the trooping Bacchantes through the viny groves of Cyprus.

Clayton, fifteen or eighteen miles from Tullulah Falls, is built at the bottom of a romantic little valley, on both sides of which rises a vast amphitheatre of mountains. Pinnacle, Screaming and Big Rock, tower one above the other, their verdant sides wooded with heavy trees, and their dusky summits fading afar off in the sky. Two hours diligent industry enables you to reach the summit of Big Rock. This mountain is composed of four *plateaux*. On the third, about two thousand feet from the base of the mountain, may still be seen a small deserted "farm." It was that of a poor Frenchman, who had pitched his tents, remote from man, in that picturesque "Thebaid." He had left proofs behind him of an intelligence which seemed to show that his exile was the fruit of defeat and disappointment. He had distributed every thing in the nicest order; he might have been *an old soldier*, from the order and disposition of his fortress; a misanthrope, from the lonely situation of his dwelling, or *a lover of science*, from the elevation of his observatory. A little higher up, a rock, shelving out, overtops a grotto, in one of the crevices of which we found wild grapes in September. Their taste was as good as those so often and plentifully met with in the lower parts of the country. In the hollow of the rock were distinctly seen the fresh foot prints of a large bear. After a short rest at this point, the mountain is ascended to its very summit. The horizon extends over one hundred miles. Five States, each larger than a German Principality, lie, as it were, under the feet of the spectator. His eyes overpeer the mountains which, in his progress through the valleys, had seemed to him piled in wild confusion; they now lie level in his glance, and wear a look of most astonishing regularity, and he turns from their apparently unbroken surface, to exult in the glimpse which he gains of the Smoking Mountains of Tennessee. It is in such a survey, from

such an eminence, that the soul rises and becomes absorbed in the contemplation of Omnipotence. He alone could fix these eternal altars. He alone could elevate these stupendous summits. He alone could spread out this living landscape, broad, fresh, bright and illimitable, to woo, to inspire, and still to baffle, the yearning desire and impatient thirst of man.

We have wandered too far from our beginnings, hurried forward by grateful and imposing reminiscences. Our subject has but too much carried us out of ourself. We must recover lost ground, become more *personal*, and enter into some relations which concern this, our first ramble among the Georgia mountains. To speak of self is always *de fort mauvais ton*, but there are cases when it becomes necessary. Our narrative now needs that we should trespass in this manner, by a general explanation of our objects—a necessity, which, the reader will please to believe, it would otherwise have been our pleasure to avoid.

It was in the month of September, 183-, that Mr. J. N. Nicollet proposed to me to join him in a scientific tour in the State of Georgia. I was a stranger to the country, was curious to see and to study it, and readily yielded to his solicitations. I was not utterly uninfluenced by the additional inducement held out to me by such companionship. Here let me pay a passing tribute to the memory of a good and able man. Mr. Nicollet was my professor of mathematics at the Imperial School of Paris. He was a *savant* of great application and ability. A favorite pupil of La Place, he soon rose to eminence as a mathematician and astronomer, and, in that sublime work, the *Mechanique Celeste*, his name, and its authority, are repeatedly referred to with honorable distinction. He was honored with high appointment by the French government, was a member of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, and a principal examiner in the French navy, a post of rank and importance. He wore the cross of Legion of Honor, and had he remained in France, would, in all probability, have held a place second only to the highest, in the National Institute. He came to America some twelve years ago, devoted a few years to travel, and was then employed by government to make a scientific exploration of the vast regions beyond the Mississippi and Missouri. He was preparing a map and report of these regions, when his labors were arrested by the hand of death. His manuscripts are numerous and valuable. His mind was always busy. He collected the most various material, in our country, and digested much of it into philosophical form, which should honor and will preserve his memory. Peace to his ashes.

It was at the instigation of this *savant*, that I was persuaded to travel among the Georgia mountains. We traced out our routes together, and, mounted on sturdy Indian poneys, that hardiest of all the quadrupeds that man has subjected to his use, we commenced our operations at Clayton, by summoning to our aid a guide who was familiar with the region we desired to explore. One presented himself, whose services we were happy to secure. He was a small man, spare of frame, with the look and manner of an Indian. He came

before us with his ponderous rifle, poised like a familiar thing upon one shoulder, his bullet pouch and powder horn depending from the other. Though more than fifty years old, he possessed all the strength and activity of his youth; and rode one of those queer, unpromising little horses, which provoke your laughter, but finally astonish you by their performances. He might have matched in all respects that famous "Sleepy David," the nag of the Yankee pedlar, that so completely took in the knowing ones, and beat "Southron" at the Charleston Races. The name of our guide himself was Beck. Previous to employing him, we received a brief history of him from our landlord, the interest of which was not lessened by his personal appearance. Beck was something of an outlaw. For nearly thirty years he had led the life of an Indian in this wild region. The language of the aborigines had become quite as familiar as his own. He had learned to admire and to imitate many of their customs; and he might have passed all his days in the bosom of the tribes, but for an event which our landlord described as a "*sort of misunderstanding*." It was certainly something more, and the result was to restore him to the more civilized world from which he had so long withdrawn himself. In a brawl with some of his red brethren, he had the ill-luck to smite one of them fatally. The *lex talionis* prevails as sternly among the savages of North America, as it did among the followers of Moses; and, failing to avenge the deed on Beck himself, the relatives of the murdered Indian succeeded in slaying one of his kinsmen—his father, brother or uncle—I am not sure which. Beck was not the man to recognize the propriety of this wild retribution; and, not to be behindhand in the reckoning, one fine morning, having first, like a skilful tactician, secured the means of retreat, he took his measures so well as to put to death, one after the other, the whole family of the avenging Indian. Since then, our man has grown civilized. It was surely enough to civilize him.

The event did not work unfavorably to the ease and confidence of his deportment. He came to us with the air of a man perfectly satisfied with himself.

"Well, strangers!—mighty glad to see you in these parts—and, where are you from?—You wants me to show you these mountains, I've hearn. Well, any how, I'm the man for it. It's a long stretch, I tell you; and you'll have to put your strength to it, lay in the provisions smartly, and keep a good heart. When do you want to move?"

These questions were all in rapid succession. He shook our hands strenuously, while speaking, with his horny fingers. When we told him of Ellicott's mountain as one of our points, he said—"A tough job, but never you mind, I'm for you. Its now a'most twenty-five years ago, since I showed the way to one man that went with a power of pioneers. It's only you two that's a guine up now?"

Beck proved quite an interesting study. He was a fellow of character and humor, and we found it to our profit to sift him closely in regard to his experience. His *talks* might afford an interesting chapter, had we set them down. He had not been insensible to the tradi-

tions of the country. At the foot of "Screaming Mountain" we mused upon the name

"Ah!" said he, "that come from a bloody scrimmage. It happened one day that, jest where we stand, there was an Indian coming in from a hunt, and he met a white man, a hunter also, that was his mortal enemy. The word brought the blow, and the white man was the quickest with his rifle. Now, it so happened that the brother of the Indian was standing up thar, on the side of the mountain, and he seed pretty much the whole transaction. When he seed them up with the gun, he gin a scream, and a jump, and jumping and screaming all the way, down he come to the scrimmage. He come jest one minute too late, and when he seed his brother flat and in his blood, he made ready with his rifle to take satisfaction. But he was out of breath and mighty beflustered by the running and the screaming together, and the white man was ready for him. The second bullet put him pretty close to his brother, and left him jest as quiet. Well, they called that mountain after that screaming Injin. I tell you, strangers, it didn't take that fellow two minutes to come down from the top to this 'ere hollow. Believe it how you can."

Beck had his practical jokes, which were sometimes disquieting. He probably saw that we had some vague apprehensions of Indian enemies, for, while we were scattered on one occasion, looking for mineral specimens, he amused himself with my terrors in a way I did not find it easy to forgive. Leisurely jogging along through a defile, and quite alone, I was suddenly paralyzed by the terrible war whoop of the savage, close at my elbow. No words can express my horror. My heart stood still. My limbs refused to fly; and I scarcely recovered my composure, when I discovered that the alarm came from our guide, who starting out of a thicket, suddenly darted with uncouth gestures upon the path. I could have tomahawked the fellow for the scare he gave me. I had not well recovered my composure, when I heard distinctly the clucking of wild turkeys, the plaintive solicitings of the partridge, and the faint bleatings of the young fawn, in a quaint sort of woodland chorus that was perfectly delightful. "Beck, my good fellow," said I, "there's a chance to replenish your larder." "Ah! ha!" he answered, opening the enormous cavern which he carried by way of mouth, and pointing his finger to his throat—"Ah! ha! I have them there already." It was he, in fact, who had so successfully imitated bird and beast, that I could hardly persuade myself of the deception. His tricks did not stop here, for finally, as I passed beneath one of those monstrous trees that stretch out a thousand gnarled limbs as if in sovereignty over the scene, the rascal cried out to me, in tones of the greatest alarm—"My God! stranger, look! a painter (panther) jest over your head." The cry of the blood thirsty beast thrilled through me at the same moment, coupled with such a crackling of the branches, that I took for granted the monster was already upon me, and by an involuntary movement of horror, buried the spurs in the shrinking sides of my poney. He, too, quite as much alarmed as his rider, was equally ready for flight, and darted off at a rate which seemed to prove that the panther was

already clutching at his rear. For a mile he went ahead, at full tilt, his nostrils dilating, his breath coming hard, while I, bending, Jockey-like, over his mane, was scarcely satisfied with his rapid movement. The cries and shouts that followed us, with the footfalls sounding behind, increased our terrors and our speed. I felt sure that it was the wild beast, and for a long time remained unassured by the "whoop! whoop!" and the "stop! stop! stranger!" of that wicked wanderer, whose fun was causing all the mischief. This was but a new trick of that Satan, Beck, proving his own powers, and my terrors, at the same moment. I was angry enough, as I well might be; but, to remain so, long, was impossible. The fellow had his own ways of pacifying, and his good humor and his resources seemed equally inexhaustible. I soon made up my mind, Frenchman-like, to laugh with him, satisfied that nothing was to be got by quarrelling; and yet my whip more than once hung over the shoulders of the *évidant sauvage*, suspended by a thread quite as slender as that which held the sword over Damocles.

So much for our companion and guide. That day, under his direction, we went about twenty-five miles, and good travelling, too, among those mountains. At sunset we reached a cabin on the top of a ridge. Here we found two men, whose ill-looks and rough bearing did not inspire us with much confidence. We had thoughtlessly neglected to bring our weapons with us, though we had been warned that they might be necessary. But we had faith in the pacific and hospitable character of the region. The yeomen, we were persuaded, though rude and unmannerly, were yet trusty and well disposed; and we relied on our own good intentions, the simplicity of the people, and the laws of the country, as our best passports. And they did not deceive us. Even the rude fellows whose ill-favor had disquieted us, proved gentle and considerate. They were the

"Good kernel in rough outside,"

of which the poet tells us. They left their beds so cautiously in the morning as not even to disturb our slumbers. The good housewife was equally considerate. When we rose, we found her busy preparing biscuits, and home-bread, and sweet potatoes, for our haversacks, and for these it was difficult to persuade her to accept any compensation. "I had two sons, stranger," she said to me,—"but they are both dead; and you do so 'mind me of one of them.'" We were touched as we saw her brush the moisture from her lids, and pursued our way in silence, brooding upon her maternal blessing, and her Christian impulse, thus cherished amidst the rudest and wildest of natural scenes. Verily, said we in our hearts, this is that poor woman of the Gospel, whose modest offering was worth so much more than that of the purse-proud Pharisee.

AMBITION'S CHAUNT.

BY A. J. REQUIER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH EXILE," ETC

"What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
 Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
 The sapphire walls of heaven. The unsearched mine
 Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones
 Have not such pomp of purple and of gold."

N. P. Willis.

I.

I HOVER round the gilded throne,
 Where friendless grandeur sits alone
 In solitary mood;
 My hand is on its sceptre laid,
 I am its light—I am its shade—
 I am its daily food.

II.

I trim the student's dying lamp,
 When midnight, with its finger damp,
 His drooping eye would close;
 I lead his thoughts to future years,
 I nerve his soul against the fears
 That threaten pride's repose.

III.

My voice upon the battle-ground,
 Is louder than the trumpet's sound,
 Or cannon's deaf'ning roar,
 Cheering him onward—onward still,
 To seek the gorge, to mount the hill,
 While havoc goes before.

IV.

What thousands hail me as their god,
 And wield, or sink beneath the rod,
 That other thousands crave;
 For wo still waits on him, who vain,
 Invokes the power he cannot chain,
 Ambitious, yet not brave.

V.

My habitation is the soul,—
 The dazzling orb of light my goal!
 And, with a vulture's wing,
 I mount, in circles, to the sky,
 And grasp the burning spheres on high.
 A shadow—yet, a king!

VI.

And winds may blow and tempests lower,
 And billows high as mountains tower
 In elemental shock;
 I care not for the raving choir
 Of screaming winds, or lightning's fire,
 That, blazing, splits the rock.

VII.

I like to hear them, tott'ring, creak,
 I like to see them trembling, break
 The empires of the earth;
 On anarchy's red ocean toss,
 On revolution's quicksands lost—
 Frail subjects of my mirth!

VIII.

'Twas I that lit fair Moscow's pyre,
 And wrapt her in a robe of fire,
 And blew the mildew'd gust
 Of desolation on her bowers,
 That scorch'd her plains—that rent her towers,
 And tramp'd them in the dust.

IX.

Colossus-like, I stride the poles,
 And stir the sea of mighty souls,
 As waves by tempests curl'd;
 I ride the victor's laurell'd car,
 The bloody ghost of direful war—
 The terror of a world!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

ALAS! and this is all!—and thus we toil
 In spirit, while the silence of deep night,
 Gives respite to the weary crowds who moil,
 In nature's stupor oft and reason's spite,
 While Day yields Labor its twelve hours of light!—
 Such pause to us denied—through world's remote,
 Still piercing ever with the dreamer's sight,
 Wooing their vague creations by our thought,
 And shaping them to shrines, that fade as soon as wrought!

THE CASE OF MAJOR ANDRE.—MISS SEWARD AND
HER WRITINGS.

In a late number of the Southern Literary Messenger, there is an interesting discussion by Mr. Pickett, our *Chargé des Affaires* at the capitol of Peru, of the character and deserts of Major André. To one portion of this paper, some exceptions may be taken. The tone and language in which the writer indulges in relation to Miss Seward, seem to us unnecessarily harsh. The motive for this severity is found in what that lady says, in her monody on André, with regard to the conduct and the character of Washington. Severe and unmerited as was her censure, there is much in the circumstances of the time, and the relations existing between the parties, which may extenuate her offence. Miss Seward was then young, an intimate and a correspondent of Major André. They were both endowed with nice literary tastes, both wrote verses, and were made familiar with the secrets and secret sensibilities of one another. His unexpected fate, whether merited or not, would naturally overwhelm her with horror,—with a keen sense of privation, and a natural feeling of deep resentment against those through whose agency he perished. The affair was one of singular excitement, such as we can, even now, very well understand, in both countries; and something of the British feeling at large, and that of Miss Seward in particular, may be conceived by that sentiment of indignation which is still expressed among ourselves, when the wanton execution of Hayne of South-Carolina, and Hale of Connecticut, is the subject of remark or reference. The monody of Miss Seward on Major André, written at the moment, when the first keen, terrible surprise and pang were felt, naturally declared an exaggerated sentiment of horror at the event, and hostility against those by whom it was occasioned. This sentiment was not that of Miss Seward only. It was that of the British nation. That portion of it which relates to the stern severity and the alledged cruelties of Washington, embodied the language and feeling of the British heart, in that first moment of its anger and surprise. The poet simply versified the ordinary language of the newspapers, from which, and from the reports of interested persons, she drew the materials of her theme. Society in England declared the same sentiments in like language, and it must not now be visited on her head with unqualified severity, particularly when we recollect, that the subject itself was not without its technical difficulties, and the course taken by the American authorities did not pass without censure even among ourselves. The popular tradition that Washington himself wept at the necessity of signing the death warrant of the victim, has never, to this day, been disputed; and, even though the alledged fact were not strictly true,—if that calm and superior soul did not acknowledge any more pain at this, than he would have done in any other case of like necessity—the tradition, at least, must be held to indicate the popular notion of what was due to the victim, of honorable and peculiar sympathy. The *prestige* of great talent—very much

exaggerated we apprehend—of exquisite grace of bearing, and the most accomplished tastes,—won for André, and still secures for him, an extraordinary sympathy in the regards and memories of men. That he was a man of more than clever parts, it is not now easy to believe; but his untimely and conspicuous fate, brought out, in bolder relief, the sum of his pretensions, on which his friends would be more apt to insist, in due degree with their desire to render odious the cause for the safety of which he perished.

Mr. Pickett expresses some considerable chagrin at an anecdote which is told by Southey, of the great solicitude entertained by Washington to impress Miss Seward with a sense of her injustice; and who, the better to attain this object, communicated all the official documents, or copies of them, for the inspection of the lady, by which his proceedings were justified. "These papers," says Miss Seward, "filled me with contrition for the rash injustice of my censure." We have no means of arriving at the truth of her statement; but see no reason to doubt its correctness. She probably made more of the matter than Washington did, moved by a sentiment of natural vanity, and delighted at the concession to her genius, from one whom the age had already begun to regard as the hero of its civilization. Mr. Pickett, however, intimates a suspicion of the whole proceeding, and does not seem willing to believe that a great statesman could thus let himself down by so much consideration shown to a mere poet. He evidently considers the step taken by Washington, a lamentable condescension, and freely expresses his regret that he should stoop to any effort at his own justification. We frankly confess ourselves unable to share in these regrets; and must beg leave to regard this proceeding of Washington, if true, to have been equally honorable to his heart and his understanding—to a right minded sense of justice, and to a humility which equally honors his temper and his sagacity. No man is so great as to be above the respect of his age. No man, truly wise and worthy, relents at placing his actions in a proper light before those who have been mistaken in them. If he does so, he forfeits that better renown which only attends his footsteps who never feels himself free from the loftiest and the lowest accountability—that to God, and to his fellow-creature. For our part, we behold, in this proceeding of Washington,—always assuming it to be true—only an additional proof of the amiableness and the modesty of his character. We see nothing wrong in that anxiety, at once so social and so human, which seeks to be justly appreciated by all classes of persons. It was, with him, a solicitude—such as that which Shakspeare so beautifully counsels, and which the good man, superior to station, in his proper sense of man and humanity, must ever entertain—to

"Win golden opinions from all sorts of people."

It is the small great man, the common place, every day hero, who, perched on his temporary eminence, declares himself oblivious of, and totally indifferent to, what is said or thought of him by the unknown tribes that walk below. But Washington's heroism was of another

complexion, and well deserves that highest eulogium, which was uttered, as a sarcasm, by no less a person than Anacreon Moore,—

“All that thou art reflects less praise on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be.”

The age is beginning to comprehend this sort of greatness, and to have done with the vulgar heroism which despises humanity. How much the deportment of Washington may have contributed to this enlightenment, which seems to take date from his day, is a matter for the philosopher. For Washington to have shown himself insensible to contemporaneous reputation—where it was not fame that he sought, but honorable justification only—would be almost to show himself insensible to the provocations which lead to honorable achievement. He was not thus insensible. He was by no means superior to an anxious hope that his memory might stand, pure and high, in the regards and estimation of all persons;—and it is, we confess, a something additionally gratifying to believe that the solicitude of the Father of his Country, was duly increased in this respect, when the person to be persuaded of the purity and the propriety of his conduct, was a woman and a poet—both legitimate dispensers of the golden crown of reputation. He writes to no other of his maligners. He offers proofs to no one of the male assailants and slanderers, of whom the British press and British society might have then furnished its thousands. But, great as he is, conscious and confident as he feels himself, he yet acknowledges a claim on the part of the poet to have the truth set clear before his eyes. The awards of time, at least, if not of immortality, depend somewhat upon it, and Washington is not indifferent to the censure and the judgment of his race. It does not matter whether Miss Seward is a great poet, or one of very moderate abilities. This does not affect the relation between them. He may have thought her a great poet, and her rank, at that time, in Europe, somewhat justified that opinion, particularly when she was beheld through the magnifying medium of distance, and by the half-penny light of the provincial candle. The truth is, there *was a* strength and an energy in her verses, where Washington himself was the subject, which might well compel his consideration, and excite his apprehensions. Accused thus loudly, with so much earnestness, in such language, and by one, pure and talented, and, by reason of her sex and circumstances apart from the selfish and prejudiced impulse of the crowd, he might well start, and re-examine his cause, and entertain moments of misgiving whether he had not been led aside from the course of right,—however against his wish,—by some of those erring influences which are found, upon occasion, to work for evil upon the noblest and the purest natures. The voice of a mourner, crying in melodious language from the bereaved home in Litchfield, might well occasion emotions in his breast, which the armies of Europe, her crowned heads, and mighty statesmen, would vainly labor to awaken.

But to the claims of Miss Seward as a poet. Though greatly overrated in her own day, as well as her friend, Dr. Darwin,—to

whom Mr. Pickett refers in complimentary language—her verses entitle her to much more consideration than this gentleman appears willing to bestow. The truth is, though far less of the artist, Miss Seward, in our humble notion, had ten times the poet in her than the writer of the Botanic Garden. The tender and passionate portions of this very monody on André,—wherever, in short, she eschews her affectations—will suffice to prove this. This opinion will probably be less startling and less offensive to the reader, who has been drilled in the prescriptive standards of such critics as Dr. Johnson,—when he is told of a fact in this connection, which does not seem to be generally known—namely, that the first fifty verses in the “Botanic Garden” are wholly from her pen, written by her in compliment to Darwin, and incorporated by him into his poem, without so much as saying, “thank you, dog, for the bone!” He makes not the slightest acknowledgment. “The correctness of Miss Seward’s statement,” says Walter Scott, “is proved by the publication of the verses, with her name, in some periodical publications previous to the appearance of Dr. Darwin’s poem; and the disingenuous suppression of the aid of which he availed himself, must remain a considerable stain upon the character of the poet of *Flora*.” Let the reader compare for himself the appropriated verses with those which are certainly Darwin’s. The early judgment of Mr. Pickett in respect to the “Monody on André,” is, in some degree, a correct one. Written under very great excitement, under the impulse of feelings, personal and national, of the intensest order, the monody possesses numerous lines of great force and beauty, and with some lack-a-daisical interruptions, flows on in a strain of vehement verse, which, had it been much more frequent in the writings of this lady, would not have made it necessary that we should now be discussing her claims to our consideration, and would have done more than we possibly can do, in justification of the solicitude which was felt by Washington. This vehemence sometimes rises into a real poetic fury, which needed nothing but training, habitual chasteness of style, proper models and a right direction, to have given her a place in near neighborhood to the symmetrical and courtly poet of *Heloisa*. A severer exercise would have enabled Miss Seward to fling off heroic melodies which would have done no disservice to the admirable grace and polish of Pope. We are not sure that her genius was very much inferior. Of course, we are to remember her inferior advantages—the difficulties in the way of her sex, her provincial standards and associations, and the thousand deteriorating influences, which, in the case of a woman, contribute to baffle the aims and to impair the energies of the intellectual nature. But why not a specimen of this “monody,” which, we take it, is not over-well known to the American reader? There have been several American editions, but they have long since been out of print. The work from which we take our extracts, is that “authentic narrative” of no less a person than Joshua Hett Smith, King’s Attorney of New-York, whose supposed participation in the treachery of Arnold, had nearly secured for him a fate like that of André. His own book, meant to establish his innocence, almost persuades us of his guilt.

But with his case we have nothing to do. The monody of Miss Seward is given at length among the appendices to the volume before us, introduced by a preface of her own and some very flat verses by Hayley, author of the "Triumphs of Temper"—a still flatter didactic. It is followed by some private letters of André, written in England and before he joined the British army, which step was taken in a moment of mortified feeling, in consequence of a disappointment in love. These letters are simply pleasing,—the unconstrained ebullitions of a young man of good taste, of some reading and of amiable disposition. They possess no particular merit, and indicate no peculiar resources, whether of thought or fancy. The poem of Miss Seward opens badly, in that round and swelling style, so false, so totally untrue to good taste and the just poetic sensibility, which prevailed in the stilt period of the Pyes and Cottles. Its progress is flowing and musical, but marked by constant transitions of idea which confuse and weary the reader, and do not inform or excite him. That coherent consecutive strain of song, which is alone durable, by which a just and leading idea, a bold and original conception, is happily carried out by complete and mutually depending links of thought, till the whole chain of reasoning is made conclusively apparent, is not to be looked for here;—and the defect is not one of endowment, but of training and education. But we propose not to criticise this fabric. Our purpose is more simple—only to take from it the passages which concern our country and our hero. We do this without reluctance, as we have no fear that any British invective can hurt the fame of Washington. The embassage of André to Arnold, and the felon contract which they made together, are thus described by our poet:

"As fair Euryalus, to meet his fate,
With Nysus rushes from the Dardan gate—
Relentless Fate! whose fury scorns to spare
The snowy breast, red lip and shining hair—
So polish'd André launches on the waves,
Where Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves;
With firm, intrepid foot, the youth explores
Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores;
But on no veteran-chief his step attends,
As silent round the gloomy wood he wends;
Alone he meets the brave, repentant foe,
Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,
With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,
Seals the firm bond and ratifies its force."

It was the *rôle* of Arnold to appear the penitent subject, as stated in the last four lines of the preceding passage; and the poet, simple creature! believed all, on this subject, that she read in the newspapers. She proceeds:

"Tis thus, America, thy generals fly,
And wave new banners in their native sky!
Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours
In friendly semblance on thy ravaged shores.
Unnatural compact!— shall a race of slaves,
Sustain the ponderous standard freedom waves?
No! while their feign'd protection spreads the toils,
The vultures hover o'er your destined spoils.

How fade provincial glories, while ye run,
To court far deeper bondage than ye shun.

Long did my soul the wretched strife survey,
And wept the horrors of the deathful day;
Through rolling years saw indecisive war,
Drag bleeding wisdom at his iron car;
Exhaust my country's treasure, pour her gore,
In fruitless conflict on the distant shore;
Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,
And, while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her foes."

These are not bad lines—less artful, less antithetical than those of Dr. Darwin, they are in better taste, and declare a proper feeling in the poet. Here follows the passage which relates to Washington. It takes the shape of the apostrophe:

"Oh! Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood;
Severe to use the pow'r that fortune gave,
Thou cool, determin'd murderer of the brave!
Lost to each fairer virtue that inspires
The genuine fervor of the patriot's fires!"

Remorseless Washington! the day shall come,
Of deep repentance for this barbarous doom,
When injur'd André's memory shall inspire
A kindling army with irresistible fire;
Each faulchion sharpen that the Briton's wield,
And lead their fiercest lion to the field!
Then when each hope of thine shall set in night,
When dubious dread and unavailing flight,
Impel your host,—your guilt upbraided soul,
Shall wish un-touch'd the sacred life you stole.
And when thy heart appal'd, and vanquished pride,
Shall vainly ask the mercy they denied,
With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gave,
Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave;
For infamy, with livid hand, shall shed
Eternal mildew on thy ruthless head."

These are among the best because the most earnest passages—containing fewest affectations, and appearing, as probably they were, the outpourings of a soul full of grief and indignation. It is not so certain that their spirit and character are quite sustained by the passage which immediately follows, two of the lines of which appear to have been particularly annoying to Mr. Pickett:

"Less cruel far than thou, on Illium's plain,
Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain!
When hapless Priam bends the aged knee
To deprecate the victor's dire decree;
The nobler Greek, in melting pity spares
The lifeless Hector to his father's prayers;
Fierce as he was;—'tis cowards only know,
Persisting vengeance o'er a fallen foe."

Portions of this imprecation feebly remind us of the final and terrible passage in the "Sketch" of Lord Byron, beginning—

"Oh! wretch without a tear," etc.,

and half persuade us to think that his Lordship had these lines in his

memory when he penned his own. Scott, speaking of this poem, remarks justly that it "conveys a high impression of the original powers of the author." These bore few fruits in consequence of their wretched training. She was brought up in a bad school, with the Hayley's and others, of a day and tribe, which, now, scarcely deserve and seldom provoke a comment.

Of the writings of Miss Seward, we have only a volume of "Beauties," which now lies before us, edited by W. C. Oulton, and published in 1813 in London. This compilation is made up of varieties in prose and verse, to which our general criticism, as already expressed, will properly apply. We cannot say much that is unqualifiedly favorable. She had thought and fancy, but was imitative, affected, and straining after prettinesses of speech in the Della Cruscan manner. Her prose is loose and ungraceful, seldom rising into elegance, and not unfrequently grossly deficient in propriety and ease. Her verse is sometimes harsh and prosaic, feeble in its fury, labored and redundant,—of that sort which is intolerable equally, according to the proverbial phrase, to gods, men and magazines. It has served its season, a gourd history, and finished quite as rapidly as it grew. Her opinions on literary persons and things are rashly,—we had almost said, arrogantly—expressed, and are quite as frequently wrong as right. Her portrait by Romney adorns this volume of "Beauties." It gives the not unpleasing countenance of a damsel—scarcely yet of the *certain* age which is so uncertain—with regular features, eyes and nose tolerably large, a well cut mouth, good chin, and a forehead, which, though half hidden by an eternal mass of hair, looms out considerably and meets all the phrenological requisitions. Speaking of her personal appearance, Scott, who saw her in 1807, when she was an old woman, observes—"Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful, for, in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great power. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker; and, as it were, to flash fire. * * * Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it. She did not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now usual. Her stature was tall, and her form originally elegant," etc. Her Will is given by the Editor of the "Beauties." By this Will she bequeathes her literary writings to Sir Walter Scott, declaring him her Editor—a task for which, we take it, he was no ways grateful. Her correspondence was, in like manner, assigned to Constable, the publisher, to be served up to the public at the rate of two volumes per annum. In this document she speaks of the lady of whom André was enamored. Her name was Honora Sneyd. Her fortune and self are thus described: "The mezzotinto engraving from a picture of Romney, which is thus inscribed on a tablet at top—"Such was Honora Sneyd,"—I bequeath to her brother, Edward Sneyd, Esq., if he survive me; if not, I be-

queath it to his amiable daughter, Miss Emma Sneyd, entreating her to value and preserve it as the perfect, though accidental, resemblance of her aunt, and my ever dear friend, *when she was surrounded by all her virgin glories—beauty and grace, sensibility and goodness, superior intelligence and unswerving truth*. To my before mentioned friend, Mrs Powys, in consideration of the true and unextinguishable love which she bore to the original, I bequeath the miniature picture of the said Honora Sneyd, *drawn at Buxton, in the year 1776, by her gallant, faithful and unfortunate lover, Major André, in his 18th year*. *That was his first attempt to delineate the human face, consequently it is an unfavorable and most imperfect resemblance of a most distinguished beauty.*

André, it is known, had considerable talent in sketching. His portrait, drawn with pen and ink the night before his execution, and while in prison, is still preserved in the Trumbull collection at New-Haven. It is to his talent in this respect,—in poetry,—his delicate and graceful tastes and accomplishments,—that André is indebted for much of that halo which seems to have settled about his name and memory. The verses from his pen, "To Delia," which are to be found in many of our popular collections, beginning—

"Return enraptured hours," etc.,

are supposed to have been sent from America to Honora Sneyd.

Sir Walter Scott, with his usual good nature, accepted the trust confided by Miss Seward to his hands, and compiled from her writings three goodly volumes; while her letters, in six volumes, were published by Constable & Co. These are all now safely sealed, from farther critic doom at least, in that tomb, more inaccessible than that of the Capulets, which mortals, sadly sighing, call oblivion. We shall not seek now to penetrate the place of their awful but not unnatural repose. Scott accompanied the works of Miss Seward with a kind notice of herself, and an indulgent criticism upon her genius. From this, if from no other sources, we learn enough to see how rash and ill-advised are the epithets bestowed by Mr. Pickett on the character of this lady. Scott describes her as ingenuous and noble, amiable of temper, benevolent of heart, and rejoicing in a large and lavish friendship, which included some of the most distinguished names in British literature. How far we may, with such testimony before us, join with Mr. Pickett, in believing her to have been "a scurrilous and mendacious libeller," is a matter for the conscientious reader to determine for himself.

Of Major André, we may say, *en passant*, that we regard the repute which he has acquired, as due to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, and not to any peculiar or large merits in himself. He was, no doubt, a clever young man, of some grace in society, and some intellectual accomplishments, amiable and frank, but without any more decided qualities of character. We do not see that he anywhere distinguished himself. The affair in which he grew notorious and perished, was one which his own feebleness of resolve, and indecisive purpose, conducted to a termination, unfortunate for him, and very

fortunate for the destinies of America. He became agitated on his encounter with the American militiamen, and blundered at every sentence. A little military firmness, a little more of manly coolness, would have carried him through the danger. There is a suspicion hanging about the career of André, which, if justly founded, would deprive him very much of the sympathy which his melancholy catastrophe has hitherto secured for his memory. We find it first suggested by the Hon. William Johnson, in his "Sketches of the Life of General Greene." It is that André was habitually a spy of the British General, Clinton, and had been already more than once employed in that capacity in the war of the revolution. The suggestion will be found in a note to the affair of Arnold, contained in the first volume of the "Life of Greene," page 208. The language of the note is this:

"The following facts may be relied upon.—It was an universal belief, as well in the British army as in the city of Charleston after its fall, that André had been in the city in the character of a spy during the siege. There is now living (1822) in this place, a respectable citizen who acted in the commissary department of the British army, during and after the siege;—and another of equal respectability, and whose means of information were much greater, who was in Charleston during the siege, and remained in it until the evacuation, who will testify to the truth of this assertion. And this opinion is corroborated by the following fact. There were two brothers of the names of S. S. and E. S., both well known as men of property and respectable standing in society. The former was, to the last, faithfully devoted to the cause of the country; the other was disaffected. During the siege, S. S. being taken sick, was permitted to go to his brother's house to be better attended. There, he was introduced to, and repeatedly saw, a young man, in a homespun dress, who was introduced to him by his brother as a Virginian, connected with the line of that State then in the city. After the fall of Charleston, S. S. was introduced to Major André, at his brother's house, and in him recognized the person of the Virginian whom he had seen during the siege. This he remarked to his brother, who acknowledged that he was the same, asserting his own ignorance of it at the time. S. S. related these facts to many persons in his lifetime, and his veracity was unquestionable. Another citizen, W. J., at the time of André's capture a prisoner at St. Augustine, also saw the supposed Virginian at the house of E. S. while S. S. lay sick, and his recollection of the fact was revived by S. S. soon after he had made the discovery of his real character. It is also known that the life of E. S. was afterwards assiduously sought after by Marion's men, on the charge of his treachery."

We may add to this, that it was the familiar boast of the British officers, after the fall of Charleston, that they were well served by intelligence from within, and knew every thing as soon as it took place, among the besieged. The enquiry thus started, might be pursued with profit, just now particularly, when the public mind seems anxious to obtain and preserve whatever it can of the documentary testimony of the revolutionary period. Major André appears in history somewhat as the martyr to a peculiar occasion,—as one volunteering on an unusual service and under a particular exigency, at the earnest

solicitation of his General, and in an agency of vital importance to the cause of his Sovereign. If, on the contrary, it can be shown that the business in which he failed and perished, was one to which he was accustomed, it will materially tend to dissipate that purple halo which has hitherto made him an object of conspicuous honor, in the martyrology of British valor. We commend, also, to critical examination, the clear and conclusive reasonings of Judge Johnson, in regard to the events coupled with André's capture, and his own course on the occasion, as properly determining the position and claims of the criminal in the estimation of the future. The Judge shows, very conclusively we think, that some very plain instances of adroitness have been set down as instances of magnanimity—for example, his letter to Arnold, advising him of his captivity,—a communication which has been construed into an anxious desire to save the latter, when, in fact, it was the only obvious mode by which André could extricate himself. Had not Arnold become too much alarmed by the letter, and by the intimation of Washington's approach at the same time, he would have quietly ordered the release of André,—still in the hands of Jamieson,—and the same moment might have found them both, safe from danger if not from shame, in the cabin of the Vulture.

ENILORA.

Thou loveliest flower that ever bloomed
In woodland wild or meadow gay,
Oh, why wert thou so early doomed
To droop, and fall, and fade away.

This stricken bosom long had known
That it could ne'er thy pillow be,
But yet remote, untold, alone—
It cherished but the thought of thee.

Nor withered hopes, nor slighted pride,
Nor ties which death alone could sever,
Could change or check love's boundless tide,
That flowed to thee—and flows forever.

Ah, yes! though years have passed away,
Since that bright smile hath ceased to beam,
It haunts the purest thoughts of day,
And crowns at night the sweetest dream.

And can it be, that I shall ne'er
Behold thee, face to face, again?
Oh! tell me, prophet, priest or seer,
Dost nothing—nothing now, remain?

That glowing eye no more doth shine,
Those cheeks I know have lost the rose;
That graceful form, Decay, is thine,
And that pure heart hath ceased its throes.

But where is now the heavenly spark,
That—ah, too briefly!—lit the whole?
Can this small grave, so cold, so dark,
Contain for aye, the immortal soul?

Oh, no! it floats in realms afar,—
Or fired among those orbs above,
It radiates still—a glorious star,
And sheds eternal beams of love.

But lovelier than the loveliest sphere
That glitters in yon starry-way,
Wert thou to me, while lingering here
Within thy tenement of clay!

And should we meet, undying one!
In realms sublime, where'er thou art,
Oh! wear the guise in which you won
The worship of my youthful heart.

Thou wouldst not shame the angelic throng,
With all thy earthly vestures on;
Nor could such holy homage wrong
The brightest seraph on her throne.

Oh! that the morning's wings were mine,
To flee away at once to thee,
And earth forgotten link with thine,
In brighter worlds, my destiny!

But, ah! 'tis only mine to tread
This hallowed spot by night and day;
And weeping o'er the sainted dead,
Yield to fond mem'ry boundless sway.

Oh! loveliest flower that ever bloomed
In woodland wild or meadow gay,
Why—why wert thou so early doomed
To droop, and fall, and fade away?

RAYMOND.

SCENES IN A LIFE.

MY FIRST CRUISE.—FOUNDED ON FACT

"SAILORS are strange creatures!" said the elder gentleman abruptly, filling his glass as he spoke, and pushing over the bottle to his young companion, who imitated his example,—"usually the most careless, reckless and thoughtless of God's creatures—grown up children—and coaxed or bullied with the greatest ease and impunity;—yet let a spirit of mutiny once take possession of a crew, and these 'jolly tars' are converted into devils incarnate. I well remember an incident which impressed this conviction upon me, in early life, when I came very near being the victim of an outbreak of this kind, more than twenty years ago; and as I believe you have never heard it, I'll relate to you the manner in which it happened.

In the year 18—, while still a very young man, but full of recklessness and a spirit of wild adventure, I embarked as a passenger on board an American cruiser, bound to the West Indies. At the time of which I speak, this country was at war with Great Britain; our craft carried several heavy guns and was well manned, although the Captain, as I soon discovered, was a weak, inefficient man, utterly devoid of the moral firmness requisite to keep in check the turbulent spirit of his sailors, many of whom were old man-of-war's-men. His Lieutenant, (whom I shall call Stanton,) was, in every respect, the reverse of his Captain, a resolute, determined man, possessing great physical strength and dauntless courage, admirably fitted to command the respect and sympathy of the men under his command, had not the weak indulgence of the Captain made his strict discipline odious to the crew, and reflected on his personal popularity. Entertaining a great contempt for the Captain, I cultivated the acquaintance of Stanton, and as intimacies are of quick growth at sea, a few days served to make us fast friends. In his conversations with me, Stanton frequently regretted the injudicious license allowed by the Captain to the sailors, and predicted that evil would come of it; but with the sanguine confidence of my age and character, I laughed at his forebodings, little dreaming how soon and terribly their truth would be verified in my own person.

After we had cruised a few days, and picked up a prize, which put all on board in high glee, the officers began to experience some difficulty in causing the sailors properly to perform their duties; intoxicated with their success, and having no respect for their Captain, they began to do pretty much as they pleased, without reference to orders, and, when rebuked, listened sullenly and obeyed reluctantly; the quick eye of Stanton soon perceived the mutinous spirit which every day tended to increase among the crew, and repeatedly urged his superior to adopt a more decided course, but his remonstrances were either sneered at or disregarded. Things continued growing worse and worse until one evening, I well recollect it, it was on the 18th of June, after Stanton had spoken with more than his usual earnestness to the Captain on the laxity of his discipline, the latter

wound up the conversation with the sneering remark, 'that if his Lieutenant were alarmed, he had better go and take command of the prize, where he would be safe from the dangers he apprehended.'

The blood rushed to Stanton's face at this taunting speech, but the strict rules of the service forbade a reply which rose to his lips, so muttering to himself, he turned away and repaired to his post of duty. Thinking the time a favorable one for remonstrance, I stepped up to the Captain and ventured to express to him pretty freely my own opinion on the subject. The Captain heard me through without interruption or change of countenance; when I had finished, he coolly turned on his heel, whistling softly to himself all the time, and descended into his cabin, without uttering a word.

My blood boiled in my veins at this treatment, and I inwardly promised him a little reckoning for the insult, but I well knew how idle would be any demonstration then and there, since of all forms of despotism, none can equal that of one of these petty tyrants on ship board; so with a chafing spirit, I descended to my berth, and flinging myself on my bed, sought relief in sleep from the troubled and angry feelings which oppressed me.

I was not allowed to sleep long; I was awakened by a strange and unusual noise proceeding from the deck above my head; although the weather was perfectly calm, hurried feet were rapidly passing to and fro over my head; heavy bodies were rolled from one side of the ship to the other, and a confused din of raised and angry voices reached my ear. I felt that something was wrong; and, rushing up the companion-way to the deck, the cause of the tumult was revealed to me.

Stanton's forebodings had at length been realized. The crew were in a state of open mutiny; they had seized the guns and ranged them on deck in such a manner as to rake the whole side of the vessel in which their officers were clustered together, and now, with hoarse cries, were demanding that their comrade should be given up to them, or they would fire on their officers. Those officers (with one exception) seemed completely panic-stricken, the look of vulgar arrogance habitual to the Captain's face had given place to an expression of craven fear, and his subordinates seemed all to partake of the same feeling, with one exception—that one was Stanton; his countenance, though pale, was calm and fixed in stern resolve; his left hand grasped the throat of the sailor whose merited punishment had caused this outbreak, and in his right he held a pistol, ready cocked, holding in awe, by his attitude and aspect, the swarming circle of his foes, who were howling like baffled blood-hounds around him, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to him. No other among his colleagues showed the slightest intention of assisting him; they were paralyzed by fear, and he stood alone and unaided among his foes. This scene, though taking time for its description, was all beneath my eye the instant I reached the upper deck, and with the quickness of thought I understood it all; my resolution was instantly formed.

'Tom,' I called to the Steward, 'my pistols.' They were instantly handed up to me; and cocking both, with one in each hand, I stepped

up to Stanton's side, determined to stand or fall by him. My action seemed to re-kindled the dormant fury of the crew; it acted like the spark applied to the torpedo. With a wild and savage yell, which caused the blood to curdle in my veins, so similar was it to the howls of infuriated wild beasts—a dozen of the picked men of the crew rushed towards the spot where Stanton and myself stood.

'Now or never,' said Stanton coolly, and firing his pistol with fatal effect at the foremost assailant, he suddenly hurled the sailor whom he held, full against his advancing comrades. Propelled by the powerful arm of Stanton, the fellow plunged headlong forward, and fell in the very path of his friends, for a moment arresting their progress. Two swarthy ruffians, however, rushed on. One, unseen by Stanton, rushed up behind, and swinging over his head a heavy boarding-pike, would have crushed his skull, had he not at the instant received a bullet, from my first pistol, full in the neck; the weapon dropped from his hand,—with a groan he sank down upon the deck, the hot blood bubbling from the wound. His comrade stooped as he saw him fall, grasped in both hands a heavy round shot, and hurled it full at my head. So sudden was the action, and so truly was it aimed, that a rapid movement only saved my head from the deadly missile, which struck my right shoulder, driving me violently backward, and shattering my left arm, which fell heavily to my side; while springing up with a hoarse chuckle, my enemy rushed upon me. His hand was already at my throat, when, thrusting my pistol against his chest, I fired;—his hand released its grasp, and staggering against the ship's side, he lost his balance, rolled heavily over the bulwarks, and fell into the jolly-boat which lay beneath.

These stirring events all passed with a rapidity that defies description. From my arrival on deck to the fall of my last assailant, was an interval only of a few seconds; and, as he fell, Stanton springing backward, muttered in a quick, hoarse whisper, 'To the cabin.' then sprang down the steps that led below;—I followed, dragging down the hatches after me. And well was it for us that we retreated so soon, for at the very instant of our disappearance, a shower of round-shot, hurled by the vigorous arms of the sailors, bounded over the very spot we had just quitted, followed by the quick trampling of eager feet, as with a wild shout of hate and fury they rushed to seize us, to avenge the blood of their comrades.

Fearful was their fury when they found that we had for a time escaped them; curses, threats and blasphemies rose savagely upon the air. They clamored that we should immediately be delivered up to them, or they would send a volley among the officers—sink the ship—and taking possession of the prize, sail as pirates over the ocean! We could distinctly hear where we stood below, the feeble efforts of the Captain to stem this tide of angry passion; but the barriers of authority had been broken down; the savage propensities of the human beasts of prey, subdued but never wholly destroyed by education and society, had been fully roused, and our blood alone could satisfy them. Some, more impatient than the rest, had already begun

to tear at our frail protection above, and the hatches shook and yielded to their efforts.

Our situation was critical. I looked at Stanton; exhausted by excitements and the violent efforts he had made, he leaned against the door-way, his manly chest heaving with irregular and labored breathing, and his rigid face the picture of despair—the despair of a brave man who does not fear death, but loathes to die without a struggle or hope of vengeance.

‘Wendell,’ he said, ‘it is all over. We have done all that men can do, and we must submit to our fate. Your generous assistance has only perilled your own safety without saving me, for I would rather have perished in the heat of conflict above, than have been caught thus like a rat in a trap. Oh! it is bitter, bitter.’ And the strong man ground his teeth in bitter and despairing rage, and strode hastily back and forth through the narrow cabin. ‘But I may save you, my friend!’ he said, suddenly stopping; ‘I will offer to deliver up myself as a sacrifice for both. They know they cannot force this stronghold of ours without loss of life, and they may accept my offer; at least, it is worth a trial.’

‘But suppose they refuse, and claim us both?’ I replied, laying my hand upon his arm as he moved up the stairway, ‘what then?’

As I spoke, he paused, and looked back over his shoulder; I stood in the doorway of the cabin; within, on a table, there burnt a lamp, the light from which shone brightly on a small door beyond; a sudden flush passed over the pallid face of Stanton as he turned, and a stern, cruel joy glittered in his eye; he bent down his head, and in a hoarse, low whisper, asked, ‘Do you see that door?’

‘I do.’

‘Well, there is my guaranty for your safety, or—’ and he paused; then added, with hissing emphasis, ‘a signal vengeance,—it is the powder magazine! With that lamp and that magazine, I will bring these wolves to terms, or blow them like rockets in the air;—above there, ho!’

As he finished speaking a ray of hope glanced across my mind; but I determined to stand or fall with him. Forcing the door of the magazine violently open, with the lamp in my hand, I stood upon the threshold ready, at a moment’s warning, to apply the spark which would launch so many erring creatures into a dread eternity. Although my position was one of deadly peril, and almost hopeless, yet the high pitch of excitement which my mind had attained, banished all thought of consequences, and inspired me with a species of reckless daring, such as I had never felt before. The consciousness, too, of my power over the crew, gave a dignity to my position; and it was with this strange feeling of desperate exultation that I occupied my post, almost careless of the result.

While Stanton and myself had been conferring below, all had been comparatively quiet above. Sure of their victims, securely fastened down with no means of escape, the mutineers had calmed their first wild fury down to a sullen determination of having our blood; and

the interval had passed in attempting to arrange with the Captain for his own safety and that of his subordinates—the price of which was to be our lives.

That feeble dastard, awed and overwhelmed by the strong tide of passion which he wanted the courage and the energy to stem or to control, knew not what course to pursue; distracted by his duty and his fears, he alternately threatened and besought the mutineers, who sullenly persisted in their demands. Such was the state of affairs above, when the voice of Stanton from below, again woke the slumbering passions of the men into active exercise, and with a simultaneous rush they sprang towards the direction of the sound. At the same instant the hatches were flung violently open from within; the mutineers rushed savagely on to secure their prey, but paused at the opening and recoiled in blank dismay, stunned and confounded; and well might they pause, for what spectacle can be more startling than that of two desperate men at bay, determined to sell their lives at the cost of their assailants.

The rude sailors, so clamorous but a moment before, were awed into silence, as they gazed down upon their intended victims. Stanton stood in the doorway, sheltered by the projecting frame work; in his hands he held a heavy musket, levelled upon the entrance, his fixed features and glaring eye warning with certain death the first who descended to capture us. Farther back, but still in view of the upper door, I had taken my stand, leaning against the inner door, the lamp in my hand—my shattered arm and blood-stained dress making me a wild and haggard spectacle, worked up by the excitement of the occasion almost to a pitch of frenzy.

There we stood, and the passage above was darkened by the forms of the mutineers;—Stanton spoke in a low, deep tone, which betokened his desperate resolve.—

‘Men,’ he said, ‘I am content to yield up to you my life without resistance, but on one condition—that this young man’s life be spared. Let me atone for both.’

He was answered by a howl of fury, and a voice from above shouted forth—‘Down and take them both, ye cowards! No more palaver!’

There was a movement in the crowd, but Stanton’s musket again covered the entrance, and no man advanced. The next instant the rough Boatswain’s shaggy head was thrust into the opening, as he made reply:

‘Look ye, Master Stanton, we have ye both safe in trap, and as the young one shot Bill Barker, he’ll have to walk the plank with ye; there’s no help for it, so ye’d better give up at once, or we’ll have to come down and take ye both.’

‘Come on, then,’ I shouted, ‘but first confess your sins; for, by the Eternal! the first step that touches this floor, I fling this blazing lamp into the middle of the powder magazine,—and may God show to your souls more mercy than you have shown us here!’

As I shouted forth these words, the crowd recoiled from the doorway, and I could hear the shuffling of rapid feet as the men retreated from the dangerous neighborhood. Then followed an eager consul-

tation among the men, of which we could catch the sound, but not the sense, during which they moved off to the other part of the vessel. This was followed by sounds indicating great activity on deck—the trampling of feet, rattling of ropes, and, finally, a hail through the speaking trumpet, the purport of which we could not catch.

'They are signalling for the prize ship,' said Stanton suddenly, as the hatches were pushed down and closed from above; 'their object is to secure us here and desert the ship, leaving us here to perish; but we shall foil them yet!'

Even as he spoke, the dull, heavy stroke of a hammer upon the hatches, confirmed his suspicions, and roused us again to exertion.

'What, ho! above!' shouted Stanton.

There was no reply, but the steady sound of the hammering went on, and we could feel the increased velocity with which our ship dashed through the water. Again we hailed together, but with no better success.

'One effort more,' said Stanton; and swinging himself upon the table, he struck with the butt of his musket against the thick glass which admitted light into the cabin from above. The shattered fragments fell upon the floor, leaving a small aperture, through which Stanton shouted these words—'Open the hatches, or we blow up the ship!' A quick trampling followed this threatening speech, and the hatches were again thrown open, when Stanton added—'The moment the prize ship is brought alongside, or the life-boats put off from this ship, we carry out our threat. You cannot deceive us; and if we must perish, it shall not be alone!'

Eight days had passed. Slowly and wearily had they dragged on, for Stanton and myself were still prisoners below, but prisoners who held in their hands the lives of their jailors. During that time no direct attempt had been made to capture us, though we could occasionally catch a glimpse of a grim face peering down upon us through the broken glass, in the hope of catching us off our guard; but day and night we kept alternate watch, and foiled our vindictive enemies. For a time they seemed to cherish the hope that our patience might fail us, or starvation drive us to terms; but, fortunately, we had discovered some provisions stowed away by the Steward for safe keeping, and thus escaped that danger. But still our situation was terribly trying to us both, living in a constant state of feverish excitement, our senses continually strained to their utmost pitch, filled with vague apprehensions of danger, but ignorant from what quarter, or in what form, it would assail us; our slumber snatched in broken and fitful periods of a few hours each—one watching while the other slept, and that sleep but a distorted reflection of our waking perils. We drifted on we knew not whither, buried alive, yet conscious of our power in the fears of our enemies, our only safety. The constant excitement at length began to produce a visible effect both on our minds and bodies—more strikingly shewn on Stanton than on myself. The change in my own appearance, of course, I could not remark, but I could trace the ravages of that trying week on my companion, with painful distinctness. His calm, stern face, had grown sharp and

eager, the features pinched and contracted ; the expression of his eye was dull and stony, flashing out occasionally a wild and troubled glare ; he would pace for hours the narrow limits without uttering a word ; and when he slept he muttered incessantly in his troubled slumber. At times there came into his eye an expression that curdled my blood—the demoniac glare of incipient madness, when the light of soul is darkened, and through the eye of man looks forth, the spirit of an evil demon.

It was the eighth day, and Stanton and myself sat by the table, the eyes of both rested on the burning lamp. Neither spoke, but desperate thoughts were striving in the minds of both. Our eyes met ; we understood each other ; the die was cast ; our desperate resolve was taken, and we were ready to die.

‘My poor wife,’ said Stanton ; it was the first allusion he had made to her, and a tear trembled in his eye. ‘No weakness,’ he muttered, ‘but signal vengeance !’ and he picked up the lamp and moved towards the magazine. One instant more, and we would all have been strewed like drift weed on the surface of the deep. I commended my soul to God, and closed my eyes for the catastrophe, when a voice from above arrested Stanton’s steps. It was the Boatswain who spoke, and now proposed a parley. In temporary command of the rebellious crew, he had kept a watch upon us, had seen Stanton’s desperate design, and in great alarm called in time to arrest his purpose. He now proposed, in behalf of the crew, that we should be liberated on condition that we would leave the ship and go on board the prize, which would be called alongside for the purpose. To this we demurred, demanding that a boat should be given us to go to her, while the whole crew, ranged on the side of the ship, where there were no guns, should allow us free egress. Our terms were acceded to, and with our pistols cocked in our hands, we left the ship, greeted by a groan of baffled hate from the mutineers, who were all ranged on deck.

We were commanded, on reaching the prize, to hang out a light, and keep in company with the ship, but Stanton immediately on coming on board, assumed the command, and hung out the light as directed, keeping at a considerable distance, however, to the leeward. As night fell, he called me to his side.—

‘Their plan is this,’ he said, ‘they will sink us in the night, if we do not escape, for their heavy guns will easily allow them to do it ; the light is to guide them,—I will, therefore, extinguish it.’

As he spoke he detached the lamp and flung it astern, then set all sail in an opposite direction from that taken by the mutineers ; and in two days time we were safe in Guadaloupe—and of that ship and Captain to this day I have never heard.’

The narrator paused—drew a long breath—filled his glass again—tossed it off—and gazed abstractedly at the opposite wall.

“But, Stanton,” asked his companion, “what was his final fate?”

“He is now a distinguished officer in the service!”

“And the mutineers?”

“Two years ago I was in Baltimore, whiling away a few idle days.

As I was strolling through the streets, my eye fell upon a face which seemed familiar to me, though I could not recall it. I saw the recognition was mutual, and stopped short. The sailor (for he was one) did so likewise; and, without a word, slipping down his broad shirt collar, laid his finger on a broad, livid scar, which traversed his neck, apparently long since healed, but which once must have been a deep and dangerous wound. I recognized my mutineer, and slipping out of my pocket a silver piece, I dropped it in his hand.

"God bless your Honor," said the delighted sailor, "I'll drink your health."

"And the fellow whom I knocked over into the jolly-boat;—Jack, did he get over it?"

"He'll help me drink your Honor's health this blessed night," was the reply; and, as if fearful of further question, my new friend and old enemy turned a corner and vanished from my sight, leaving me to ponder on the strange blending of the tragic and the farcical in the varied web of our strange lives.

The speaker paused and leaned his head upon his hand, plunged in deep thought. His companion did not venture to disturb his meditations, but sipped his wine in silence, and thought of the scenes he had just heard so earnestly described. A smothered moaning sound from his friend, caused him quickly to turn his head and ask the cause. He received no reply. His curiosity was excited; he rose and approached him, while the sobbing sound increased. He bent down his head, and perceived, that—Mr. Wendell had, for the last five minutes, been sound asleep.

Q.

Savannah, (Ga.)

THE MARION FAMILY.

NO. V.

"My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
"Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
"Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
"No tears but tenderness to answer mine.
"Go where I will, to me thou art the same;
"A loved regret, which I would not resign;
"There yet are two things in my destiny,—
"A world to roam through, and a home with thee."—*Byron.*

WE next introduce our readers to the Queen Bee of the Marion hive—one who has sent forth swarms of descendants enough to have peopled a colony. Our allusion is to Esther, the only sister of General Marion, who, by each of her two husbands, is the ancestress of a numerous line of descendants, scattered over several of the States of the Union. We cannot promise our readers anything, in this number, beyond the interest attached to a merely genealogical detail—but still we flatter ourself that the pathway will not prove wholly barren of interest to those who may follow us in tracing the numerous and worthy sons and daughters whom this prolific matron of the revolution has given to our republic.—

THE GENEALOGICAL TREE.

THE GRAND-SONS AND GRAND-DAUGHTERS OF THE HUGUENOT.

THE SISTER OF MARION.

22. Esther Marion, daughter, and, we believe, eldest child of Gabriel, and grand-daughter of Benjamin, the emigrant. She bore the given name of her mother, Esther Cordes. She intermarried, first, with John Allston, jun., eldest son of John and Deborah Allston, and then with Thomas Mitchell, both of Georgetown—she being the second wife of the latter, as he was her second husband.

1. By her intermarriage with John Allston, jun.,* she had issue—

* We proceed to give the genealogy of the John Allston here mentioned. The earliest ancestor to whom we have traced him, was—

1. John Allston, of St. John's, Berkley, planter. His Will is dated Jan. 2, 1718, and was proved Nov. 30, 1719. The witnesses were Samuel Martin, Thomas Mitchell, John Nutkin and Anthony Biddis. His wife was named Elizabeth, to whom he bequeathed his "grey mare and her three year old mare," besides a liberal provision in land and otherwise. His children were, 1. John, to whom he devised a tract of 400 acres, joining Henry Fairwell's land, and 500 acres run out for Mrs. Rebecca Harris, and joining Whiskenboo. 2. William, to whom he devised a plantation of 490 acres, called Indian Jack. 3. Elizabeth, to whom he devised 500 acres. 4. Mary, to whom he devised a tract on the east side of Whiskenboo, included in the plat and grant of "my Lady Blake's land." 5. Peter, to whom he devised Whiskenboo, containing 500 acres. 6. Thomassin, to whom he devised 500 acres, joining her sister Elizabeth's tract. He left his wife and Percival Pawley his executrix and executor.

2. John Allston, of Prince George's, planter, son of John, of St. John's. His Will is dated March, 21, 1749-50, and was proved May 11, 1750. The witnesses were Samuel Dupre, Archibald Johnston, and Thomas Waties. He mentions his wife Sarah, and his children John, Josias, Samuel, William, and Martha. To John he devised a tract of 490 acres, bounded N. on land of John Allston, son of William; to Josias, a tract of 670 acres on the PeeDee, and to his son-in-law, Benjamin Marion, husband of his daughter Martha, 329 acres on Waccamaw River. His executors were his sons John and Josias. He was twice married, and John was his son by his first wife, Deborah.

3. John Allston, of Prince George's, planter, son of John, of the same place. His will is dated Aug. 28, 1750, and witnessed by Archibald Johnston, Daniel Morrall and Charles Fyffe. To the Will is attached a codicil, dated Nov. 12, 1750, stating the testator to be "in a dangerous low condition," witnessed by Patrick W. Kie and Gabriel Marion. The Will was proved April 24, 1751. He bequeathed the use of his house in Georgetown to his mother-in-law, Esther Marion, during her life, and after her death to his wife, Esther, during widowhood. He mentions his children Martha, Elizabeth, Hester, and Eleanor, and one of whom his wife was *enceinte*; and appoints Thomas Mitchell, Josias Allston, and Benjamin Marion, his executors.

4. Josias Allston, brother of the last named John, intermarried first with Esther Simons, daughter of the widow Anne Videau, (mother of Mrs. Gen. Marion,) by Francis Simons, her first husband, and had by her a son named Francis, the father of Dr. William Allston. He then intermarried with Anne Proctor, and by her had four sons, John, William, Benjamin and Joseph. The daughters named in his Will were Hannah, Anne, Martha and Mary Stead. His Will is dated March 23, 1773, and witnessed by Parker Quince, William Lord and John Cheesborough; and his codicil is made at Brunswick, March 23, 1773, dated April 18, 1774, and witnessed by Lewis Dupre, Willis Row, and William Spear. He named as his executors Joseph Allston, Benjamin Young and Wm. Allston, jr., and his sons Francis and John. The Will was proved before Isaac Marion, J. P., Dec. 9, 1776, and Benj. Young, and Wm. Allston qualified as executors Jan. 30, 1777. His son Benjamin Allston is the venerable gentleman of that

1. Martha Allston, who intermarried with Benjamin Young, of Georgetown.
2. Elizabeth Allston, who intermarried with Benjamin Simons, of St. Thomas', and died in giving birth to her only child, who died with her. She and her sister Martha were twins.
3. Esther Allston, who died at the age of 18 years.
4. Eleanor Allston, who intermarried with Peter Simons, brother of Benjamin Simons above named.
5. Anne or Nancy Allston, who died an infant.
6. John Allston, who was, perhaps, a posthumous child and died in infancy.

We find on record the following traces of the married daughters of John and Esther Allston:—On the 26th November, 1763, Benjamin Simons, and Elizabeth, his wife, joined in a conveyance to Benjamin Marion, her uncle, of an undivided third part of 864 acres on Waccamaw Neck; and, on the 8th March, 1776, Benjamin Young, and Martha, his wife, and Peter Simons, and Eleanor, his wife, (the ladies being described as only surviving daughters and co-heiresses of John Allston, eldest son and devisee of John Allston,) joined in a conveyance, to Josias Allston, of 700 acres of land, near Sochoista (Socastee) Creek. On the 30th October, 1764, Benjamin Young, and Martha, his wife, conveyed, to Peter Simons, by feoffment, an undivided moiety of a tract of land in Prince George's Parish, containing 420 acres, bounded east on Peegee River, also of a tract of 100 acres, bounded west on Peegee River, and of a tract of 150 acres, part of 246 acres, formerly belonging to John Allston, who conveyed to John Allston, jr., on whose death the land vested in Martha Young, and Eleanor Simons [ultimately] his only surviving daughters. On the 1st and 2nd of April, 1777, Benjamin Young, and Martha, his wife, conveyed, to Francis Allston, a tract of land on Waccamaw Neck, called "Hayes," containing 462 acres, between the old Cape Fear Road and the sea-shore.

John Allston, the first husband of Esther Marion, died probably sometime in April, 1751. His will was dated August 28, 1750, and proved April 24, 1751. It mentions his children Martha, Elizabeth,

name now living, in his 80th year, in Prince George's. His son William was a distinguished Captain under Gen. Marion, in the war of the revolution.

James, in his Life of Marion, pays Capt. Allston the following tribute:—"During the struggle of the present year, 1781, Capt. William Allston, of True Blue, on Little River, All-Saints' Parish, served under Gen. Marion. He was a firm patriot and good soldier; indeed, he may well be enumerated among the martyrs to the cause of his country—for, having been seized with a fever in camp, he had scarcely time to reach his home, where he expired at a middle age. He left behind him, by his last wife, two sons and a daughter; his eldest son he named after the illustrious Washington—and he has since proved himself to be highly worthy of that distinction. In this son will be readily recognized the distinguished artist Washington Allston, whose pencil has bestowed celebrity on the place of his birth, and whom every American should be proud to claim as his countryman."

His other sons were William Allston, and Benjamin Allston, jr., the father of the late Gen. Joseph Allston, and of the Hon. R. F. W. Allston, senator from Prince George, Winyaw.

Hester, and Eleanor, and one of whom his wife was *enciente*, and names as his executors his friend, Thomas Mitchell, (who extended his friendship to the widow, and made her his wife,) his brother, Josias Allston, and his double brother-in-law, Benjamin Marion. He bequeathed to his mother-in-law, Esther Marion, the use of his house in Georgetown, for her life, and the same to his wife during widowhood.

2. Benjamin Young, and Martha, his wife, had nine children, only four of whom reached maturity,—viz:

1. Archibald Young, who was a member of the Legislature of this State, and died, we believe, without issue and unmarried.

2. Thomas Young, who intermarried first with Eliza Maria Haig, and then with Mary Allston, (daughter of William Allston, jr.,) and who left issue one daughter, Eliza Maria Young, now living with her step-father, William A. Allston.

3. Anna L. Young, who intermarried with the late James Bond Read, M. D., of Savannah, and had one son, named James, who died, without issue and unmarried, at the age of 22.

4. Mary Young, who intermarried with William B. Bulloch, of Savannah. Their issue are, or were, as follows:—1. Anna Louisa; 2. Laura Jane, who has intermarried with Joseph L. Locke, one of the able editors of the Savannah Republican; 3. William James; 4. Mary Martha, who intermarried with the Rev. Edward Neufville, and died, leaving one child, a daughter, named Mary Neufville.

2. Peter Simons, and Eleanor, his wife, had issue—

1. John Simons, who intermarried with Elizabeth Lepear, and had nine children—1. Peter, who intermarried with Elizabeth Strange, and has issue Ellen, Peter and James; 2. Martha Young, who intermarried with Capt. Robert Howren, of Georgetown, and has issue Elizabeth, Mary, Ann and Irenia; 3. Paul; 4. John A. Simons, who intermarried with Maria T. Bochet, and has or had issue Ellen, John, Keating, Edward, Lepear, James and Benjamin; 5. Sarah, who has intermarried with Dr. Scott, of Florida; 6. Ellen, dead; 7. Rachel, dead; 8. Catharine, who intermarried with a Mr. Griffin; 9. James, a surgeon in the U. S. Army.

2. Peter Simons, who died without issue and unmarried.

3. Elizabeth Simons, who intermarried with her first cousin, Maurice Simons, (son of Col. Maurice Simons and Mary, his wife, daughter of Thomas Mitchell, of Georgetown, [a native of Maryland,] by his first wife, Miss Atkinson,) and had issue,—1. Maurice Simons, the late Register of Mesne Conveyances for Charleston District, who intermarried with Eliza Capers, and died without issue; 2. Edward Peter Simons, who intermarried with Catharine M. Patterson, (daughter of the late Hugh Patterson,) and died, leaving issue, two daughters, Martha, since dead, and Edwardina Elizabeth. [He was a lawyer of growing reputation, and a legislator of high promise, when, in the year 1823, he fell a victim to the accursed duel,—a martyr to the code of false honor]. 3. Thomas Y. Simons, M. D., of this city, formerly Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of South-Carolina,

who intermarried first with Margaret A. Ballantine, of Edinburgh, (Scotland,) and then with Mary E. Rowand, of this city. By his first marriage, he has six children living, viz.—Jane Fullerton, (who intermarried with John L. Dawson, M. D., and has three children, Jane, Margaret and Esther, and has lost three,) Maurice, a midshipman in the U. S. Navy, Edward Peter, Thomas Young, Margaret and Mary ; and has lost five, Julia Augusta, Benjamin Bonneau and three others. By his second marriage, he has one son living, named Alfred Drayton, having lost a son named Francis Marion, and a daughter.

Such were and are the numerous progeny of Esther Marion, by her first husband, John Allston, jr.

2. The issue of Esther Marion, by her second husband, Thomas Mitchell,* were, 1. Sarah Mitchell, who died young ; 2. Sarah Mitchell, who intermarried first with Dr. William Alexander Hyne, an eminent physician of Georgetown or St. Paul's, by whom she had issue William Henry and William Alexander Massingbird, both of whom died in infancy. After Dr. Hyne's decease, she intermarried with Benj. Cutler, of Boston, Massachusetts. Her issue by this marriage are and were—1. The Rev. Benjamin Clarke Cutler, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who intermarried with Harriet Bancroft ; 3. Maria Eliza Cutler, who intermarried with John W. Francis, M. D., of New-York, and has issue John Ward, Valentine Motte, and Samuel Ward ; 2. Francis Marion Cutler, who intermarried with Caroline D. Martin, daughter of Jason Martin, and Mercy, his wife, of Avon Springs, New-York, and has four children—Benjamin Clarke, Sarah, Susan Eliza and Frances Caroline ; 4. Julia Rush Cutler, who intermarried with the late Samuel Ward, of New-York, and has issue, 1. Samuel Ward, who intermarried first with Emily Astor, (who was a grand-daughter of John Jacob Astor, and died, leaving a child named Margaret,) and then with Medora Grimes, daughter of the distinguished lawyer of that name in New-Orleans, and has by her one child, a son, named Samuel Ward ; 2. Henry Ward, dead ; 3. Francis Marion Ward, a merchant of New-Orleans ; 4. Julia Ward, the wife of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, who distinguished himself as a warrior in the Greek

* The Thomas Mitchell here mentioned, by his Will dated Jan. 11, 1767, and proved Jan. 11, 1768, bequeathed to his wife, Hester, several negroes, "a riding chair and riding horse," and the election of residing at his dwelling house near Georgetown, or his plantation on Waccamaw, during widowhood. He mentions his son Anthony, and his daughter Mary Simons, wife of Col. Maurice Simons, his children by his first wife ; and his sons Thomas and Edward, and his daughters Sarah and Elizabeth, children by his second wife. The witnesses to his Will were John Wragg, Peter Simons and Anthony Bonneau. He made a codicil, dated 12th Dec., 1767; the witnesses were Charles Chadwick, Thomas Karwon, and James McCullouch. He named, as his executors, his son Anthony, John and Francis Withers, Benjamin Young, Joseph Allston and Paul Trapier.

It is worthy of note, that John Allston left his wife a residence only during widowhood ; that Thomas Mitchell, one of his executors, and himself a widower, married the widow, and he, too, on his death, restricted *his* bequest, to her, of a residence, to her widowhood. One would have thought that, having married a second time himself, and induced a widow to disregard her first husband's restriction, he would have imposed none on her himself.

revolution, and is still more distinguished, as a philanthropist, by his humane and skilful care and instruction of the blind in the asylum at Boston—they have one child, a daughter, named Julia Romania; 5. Louisa Ward, who has recently intermarried with Thomas Crawford, the distinguished American sculptor;—5. Louisa Charlotte Cutler, who intermarried with Matthew Hall McAllister, a distinguished lawyer of Savannah [and the recently nominated Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of Georgia], and has issue, 1. Julian, a cadet, of great promise, at West Point; 2. Matthew Hall; 3. Samuel Ward; 4. Francis Marion; 5. Benjamin Cutler; 6. Harriet Hannah.

3. Elizabeth Mitchell, who intermarried with Dr. Thomas Waring, of Georgetown, by whom she had three children—Thomas Mitchell Waring, who died young; Esther Marion Waring, who intermarried with Benjamin Waring, of Columbia, and died childless; Sarah Mitchell Waring, who has intermarried with Charles Davis, M. D., of Philadelphia, formerly Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of South-Carolina, in Charleston.

4. Charlotte Mitchell, who died young.

5. Thomas Mitchell, who was aid-de-camp to his uncle, General Marion, and would, it is said, have been the heir of the hero's name and fortune, had he been willing to surrender his patronymic. He intermarried Aug. 13, 1778, with Ann E. Rothmahler, (daughter, we believe, of Job and Ann Rothmahler, of Georgetown,) and had issue, 1. Ann, who died an infant; 2. Charlotte, who intermarried with her cousin, Thomas Mitchell, deceased, (son of Anthony Mitchell and Mary Gier, of Pee Dee, his wife,) and has issue Nelson Mitchell, Esq., a young and rising lawyer at the Charleston Bar, and Ann, or Nancy, who intermarried with William Nelson, M. D., of Albemarle, Virginia, and has four children, Philip, Charlotte, Ann and Selma; 3. Thomas Rothmahler Mitchell, late member of Congress from the Georgetown or Pee Dee District, who died without issue; 4. Nannette, who died unmarried.

6. Edward Mitchell, who intermarried first with Mary Moore, of St. Thomas' Parish, (July 9, 1782,) and then with Anna Bowen, daughter of Dr. Ephraim Bowen, of Providence, Rhode Island. He also is said, on the authority of the late Chancellor Desaussure, to have been a member of his uncle's military family, during the revolutionary war, and is believed to have been one of his aids. His remains are interred in the church-yard at Georgetown, and the inscription on his tomb-stone shews that he died April 16, 1798, in the 41st year of his age. By his first wife he had issue Edward Mitchell, M. D., of Edisto Island. This gentleman, the Rev. Benjamin Clark Cutler, and Francis Marion Cutler, are the only surviving grand-nephews, and nearest male relatives of Gen. Marion. Dr. Edward Mitchell intermarried with Elizabeth Grimball Baynard, and has issue living, 1. John Elias Moore Mitchell, who has intermarried with Elizabeth E. Gregorie, daughter of Alexander Fraser Gregorie, of Prince William's Parish, and has issue Fraser Gregorie, Caroline, Mary, Ann, and Esther Marion; 2. William Grimball Baynard.

Mitchell, who has intermarried with Mary Wayne, youngest daughter of Gen. William C. Wayne, of Georgia ; 3. Francis Marion Mitchell; 4. Julian Augustus Mitchell; 5. Mary Baynard Mitchell; 6. Rachel Louisa Mitchell, who has intermarried with William Whaley, of Edis, to, and has issue Elizabeth Baynard, Maria Louisa, Mary Mitchell-Josephine Anne, and Edward Mitchell; 7. Anne A. Mitchell; 8. Esther Marion Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell had besides three other children, who died in infancy.

Edward Mitchell, by his second wife, had issue—

1. Thomas Clarke Mitchell, who lies entombed beside his father, at Georgetown, the inscription on his tomb-stone shewing that he died Sept. 23, 1819, in the 25th year of his age. He intermarried with Sarah E. Anderson, of St. James', Santee. His issue are, 1. Edward Mitchell, jr.; 2. Thomas Clarke Mitchell; both of whom, with their mother, now reside in Charleston, S. C.

2. Anna Elizabeth Mitchell, who intermarried with Thomas Newbould, of London, and has issue, 1. Thomas Mitchell Newbould; 2. Edward Mitchell Newbould. Mrs. Newbould and her sons are now residents of New-York; but her eldest son, Thomas Mitchell Newbould, is, at present, on a mercantile visit to China.

Thus we perceive that the descendants of Esther Marion, by her two husbands, (75 by the first, and 73 by the second,) have been, in all, at least 148, of whom about 48 are dead and about 93 living, bearing the names of Allston, Mitchell, Young, Simons, Hyrne, Cutler, Francis, Ward, Bulloch, Neufville, Young, Waring, McAllister, Newbould, Locke, Crawford, Scott, Griffin, Dawson, Whaley, Howe, Nelson, Howren, Read and Davis (of which all are now extant except three—Allston, Hyrne and Waring, which have been extinguished by death and intermarriage); connected by marriage with the names of Alston, Mitchell, Hyrne, Cutler, Simons, Young, Haig, Read, Bulloch, Locke, Neufville, Lepear, Strange, Howren, Bochet, Scott, Griffin, Capers, Patterson, Ballantine, Rowand, Dawson, Bancroft, Francis, Martin, Ward, Astor, Grimes, Howe, Crawford, McAllister, Waring, Davis, Rothmahler, Nelson, Moore, Bowen, Baynard, Gregorie, Wayne, Whaley, Anderson and Newbould, and living in the States of South-Carolina, Massachusetts, New-York, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana and Florida, and the kingdom of Great Britain. They constitute the chief portion of the Marion family now in existence; and, doubtless, their multiplication was in progress even while we were compiling and writing these presents.

R. Y.

N. B.—In No. IV. the following errors need correction. The date of Isaac Marion's Power of Attorney, to Paul Trapier, to sell lands, is Feb. 23d, not 27th, 1750. The Conveyance of P. Trapier, as Attorney of Isaac Marion, to Gabriel Marion, his brother, is 21st June, 1751, not 1745. In Note to page 416, the name Le Noble is in two places misprinted La Noble; and we find that the name De Chatiagnet, mentioned in that note, is spelt Chattagner, or Chatagner, in several old records. On page 420, line 18, the expression "a co-trustee" should be "his co-trustee." On page 425, Job Marion's house in Charleston is said to be at the *south-west*, instead of *north-west* cor-

ner of Queen and Archdale streets. On page 423, he is said to have registered a grant in 1761, instead of 1769.

Since our last number was written, we have solved the mystery or controversy in relation to the first wife of Job Marion, to the destruction of the hypothesis, to which, like Desdemona to the Moor's eventful history, we did seriously incline; but at the same time, to the establishment of one of our conjectures. We had proved conclusively that the lady was Elizabeth, the daughter of Mary Monck; and we inferred that she was the daughter of that lady by her husband Thomas Monck, of Mitton; but at the same time we intimated that some living witnesses (differing from others) insisted she was a St. Julien, and we admitted that she might have been the offspring of a previous marriage of Mary Monck with a St. Julien. We are now satisfied that Job Marion's first wife was Elizabeth St. Julien or de St. Julien, daughter of Paul de St. Julien, of Hanover, St. John's, Berkley, who was the first husband of Mary Verdity, (daughter of Theodore and Elizabeth Verdity), who, after his death, intermarried with Thomas Monck, of Mitton. This point is settled by a living witness and great-grand-son of Mary Monck, through Paul de St. Julien, her first husband; and by the will of Paul de St. Julien, which had previously escaped our research, because (u like the wills of the earlier de St. Juliens,) indexed under the letter D, as the will of Paul *De St. Julien*, instead of the letter S. This will is dated April 6, and was proved December 7, 1741. The witnesses were Elizabeth and Peter de St. Julien, Sampson Ball and David Lafons. The testator, among other devises and bequests, devised Hanover to his daughter Mary de St. Julien, with the privilege of residence there, during life, to his wife *Mary*; and Emanuel's Bluff to his daughters *Mary* and *Elizabeth*. Elizabeth became the wife of Job Marion, by whom she had one child, a son named Job St. Julien Marion; and Mary de St. Julien intermarried with Henry Ravenel, of Pooshee, son of René Louis Ravenel, and grandfather of Dr. Henry Ravenel, of Pooshee, in St. John's, Berkley.

We have found the following record, in relation to Benjamin Marion, the Huguenot emigrant, in an old volume, in the office of the Secretary of State, in Charleston, containing the Journals of the Governor and Council of the Province of South-Carolina, beginning in 1670, before Charleston was founded, or laid out, on Oyster Point, and while Old Town, on the western bank of Ashley river, was yet the seat of government:

"Whereas Benjamin Marrion hath made it appeare yt. he hath at his proper cost and charge imported into ye. Province of Carolina seaven psns aged above sixteen yeares to plant and inhabitt in ye. sd. Province, named Benjamin Marrion, Judith, his wife, Adrew Dealean, Madelean Bullnat, Mary Nicholas, Servants, Tobe and Rose, a negro woman, and persons under yt. age, named * * * * * , ye. names of all which persons were registered in ye. Sec'yys Ofice, whtin fourteen days after their arrivall in ye. Province aforesaid, you are therefore to survey and admeasure out for ye. sd. Benjamin Marrion three hundred and fifty acres of land, according to ye. rules and pportions apointed by ye. Lords Props. Instructions for granting of land, bearing [date] ye. 6 feby 1692, of wch survey you are to make certfycate ye. wch together wth a plott of ye. sd. land you are to returne to me

vt. grants may be made for ye. sd. land, and you are to take notice yt. if ye. said Benjamin Marion doth not wthin ye. space of ninty days after ye. surveying and admeasuring out ye. sd. three hundred and fifty acres of land take out grants for the same according as it is apointed by the power to me given and granted by William, Earle of Craven, Pallatine, Anthony, Lord Ashley, George, Ld. Carteret, Sr. Peter Colleton, Barritt, Seth Sothell, Tho. Archdale and Thomas Amye, Esqrs, for conveying land, that then ye. sd. land is free to be made chiose of, surveyed or granted to any other pson whatsoever. Given under my hand & seal this thirteenth day of March, Ano. Dni. 1693-4.

THO. SMITH.

To Job Howes, Surveyor."

The volume from which the foregoing extract was taken, and many others, like it, containing much rich historic and curious antiquarian matter, should be rescued, by some immediate action, from the decay and mutilation, into which they are fast falling. Indeed, our State Legislature owes it as a debt to history and the past to have them printed, and should make an early appropriation for the purpose.

ANDREW JACKSON.

THE voice that calls this great spirit from among us, is one to inspire awe, but not necessarily to provoke our sorrows! Wherefore should we grieve?—That the brave heart has executed its trusts,—that the brave man, grey with years and covered with honors,—his work done, his mission accomplished,—has received his discharge from farther service, and gone to report himself to the great Taskmaster? This, surely, is no cause for sorrow. Let us rejoice, rather, that the highly endowed being, to whom, as a nation, we owe so much, has been suffered, by an indulgent Providence, to carry out to their due fulfilment, the leading purposes of his mind—its earnest aims, its most ambitious aspirations—its daring plans of public performance,—its simpler but severer duties of household and domestic life. Let us exult that the crowning grace of dying well, as a Christian, at a good old age, has been accorded to him who has lived fearlessly, through a long and arduous life, as a patriot and as a man! It cannot be denied to Andrew Jackson, that he was both. Whatever his deficiencies and errors, he was still a man—no semblance, no creature of convention and artifice—of a nice, cautiously contriving, cunningly devising, and always selfish policy,—but of a frank, firm, and self-devoting manhood. Whatever his infirmities of temper or of intellect,—whatever his sins of will,—he was a true lover of his country. If his passions, eager always in proportion to his convictions of right and duty, led him sometimes into error, we must not forget, at the same time, that they were the sources of that unselfish impulse which,

in the moment of public danger or difficulty, made him cast aside every base suggestion of personal caution, and fling himself into the breach, defying the danger, risking obloquy and ruin, the loss of life and personal position, in carrying out, by an iron will, the earnest convictions of his mind. This will, in the highest sense sovereign and executive, was happily associated with a clear, commanding intellect, a generous courage and an honest heart. It was in the union of these qualities that he was always triumphant, and always secure in the affections of the people. Instinctively recognizing these qualities as the prime elements of his character, they readily yielded him a faith which is but seldom accorded to the mere politician, and never to the simple soldier. To speak of his political successes as due to his military achievements, is a mere absurdity, as offensive to decency as it is to common sense.—We need not enter upon details. The life of Jackson, in all its particulars, is written upon the popular heart. He represented during a long period of his career, the history of the country, its progress, and the moral constitution of the people. He was one of those men who, in every nation, at certain periods, are born, as it were, to symbolize the popular will, and rally and embody their strength in contending against national necessities. You cannot separate their histories if you would. They will go together to eternity, and the duration and success of the people will constitute the honorable monument of their representative. Andrew Jackson was an ambitious man, none more so, but his was an ambition in which self was only so far present, as to give individuality to an aim, which ever had his country's good in view. Ambition made him no hypocrite,—no time-server—truckling to men, and trembling in the sight of party. Success never impaired his virtue, or lessened the Spartan simplicity of his character. His pride was in his country rather than himself, and he threw himself into the country in all issues with her foes. He sought no spoils, whether from war or office. His honors were the inevitable fruits of his performances. At this, the close of his career, when, alone, according to the ancient, we are to sit in judgment upon his life, there is no one to ask, and no one need to ask, why they were allotted him. Not to have attained them, would have been to prove the nation, not less forgetful of the past, than regardless of the true sources for obtaining future service. No man in America would have dared to encounter the tasks which he voluntarily undertook, and executed; and yet, now that they are done, they become the envy of the bold, and the admiration of the many. Of the genius of Andrew Jackson, it is enough to say, that, in

all the situations in which it was his fortune to be placed,—whether in camp or court, in field or senate, in diplomatic council, or in the assembly of mere state and ceremonial, he proved himself invariably a leader of men,—the master-spirit, the directing will,—controlling, informing, moving,—even when surrounded by those, who, in single departments, might well have claimed the palm over all competitors. This mastery was due to his genius, and not to his passions. No mere passion, however eager and impetuous,—no mere will, however profound—ever subdues the world. It was due, in the case of Jackson, to that rare and well-balanced combination of moral and physical qualities—of mind and temperament, of judgment and impulse—of singular good sense, with just so much of the imaginative spirit, as could wing and give elevation to the thought, carrying it forward, with a direct, unfaltering courage, under the guidance of a clear, bright and unsealed vision. Take him, all in all, Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest spirits that America has ever given to the world. It should be the lasting boast of Carolina, that he was one of her gifts to America!

FLORIDA.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. H. S. B * * * * *

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I love the skies of this fair land,
Their softness and their glow;
I love its south-winds, sweet and bland,
That in the spring-time blow.
I love the dark leafed orange grove,
With its delicious flowers;
And deem it happiness to rove
Amid such fragrant bowers.

I love the tall Magnolia's form
That towereth from the glade,
And stands unblanched by time or storm,
In ever-green arrayed;
But most I love the noble sight,
When all his flowers are out—
Those glorious incense-cups of white,
Flinging perfume about.

I love the myriad flowers that spring
In every path I tread,
To match the gorgeous jewelings,
That nightly o'er my head,

Gleams on the sapphire arch of Heaven,
Bright sets of opal gems—
Richer than earth's deep mines have given
To kingly diadems.

I love this land of Florida,
'Tis Eden's native home;
And when afar my foot-steps stray,
My thoughts will often come
Back to the clime, whose genial breath,
Bids the bright orange glow,
Where Nature seems divorced from Death,
And flowers forever b'low !

But more than all the charms that dwell
Beneath her lovely skies,
And more than this, my song, can tell,
Thy friendship I will prize;
For thy kind words and smiles have been
Music and light to me,
And in my heart, forever green,
Thy memory shall be.

Tallahassee, (Fla.) 1845.

EDITORIAL BUREAU.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—1841.

WE rejoice in the daily proofs given us of the vitality and energy with which this excellent institution pursues its operations. It promises to be quite worthy of the great State whose history it more particularly undertakes to illustrate and represent. It is not the least grateful fact, after this, that, from all appearances, the people of New-York are prepared to appreciate the advantages of such a society, and yield heartily to its requisitions. It is to be wished that the example should be followed in all the States, particularly those of the South. Virginia, for example, the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana, are more immediately and impressively called upon to make the necessary movement, for recovering and putting on enduring records, all their early chronicles—chronicles, at once so honorable to their histories, and so interesting and instructive to their children. These old States of the South have it in their power, still to rescue from the moth and the worm, much, even now, of the most valuable material. Old chests may be explored with profit, upon which the insect riots, and which, in the natural course of things, he must in very few seasons more destroy. The work is one for individuals first, and we call upon the intelligent and the patriotic in the South—upon the professions—upon the planters—to take the necessary steps in the prosecution of this sacred duty—a duty the neglect of which will occasion their own repinings hereafter, and which future generations will denounce and curse, as the fruit of that basest sort of selfishness, which betrays indifference to all considerations, those only of the passing moment excepted. Virginia and Carolina history needs, and may yet find in neglected store-houses, vast bodies of fact, original papers, records, diaries, letters and memoranda, relating to the proprietary ascendancy—relating to Huguenot affairs—to the domestic conflicts here of the dissenters and the established church—the affairs of the Indians—the initial proceedings of the Revolution, and to other and equally important periods of which we have, at present, glimpses only. Louisiana should possess abundant materials for her early history of the most delightful and instructive character. Let her look them up. Let her societies and citizens address themselves to the work, and rake from the decaying heaps, whatever may remain of the chronicles of her ancient settlers—French, Spanish and American. No State in the Union, will be found to possess, in its history, if properly developed, the substance of a more charming and romantic narrative. For Heaven's sake, let us no longer continue insensible to the moral of the age and our own position. Our responsibilities to the race and to the world, are in due proportion to the degree of civilization which we claim,—and this should not be suffered to provoke question or disparagement, when the means are in our hands, and the lack is in our will alone,—to silence and to satisfy the world. As we have said before, it is an individual concern,—your concern, brother, and mine;—shall we not then agree to work together in the common cause? Maryland and Georgia have given us good examples. The latter State—our younger sister—has gone rapidly ahead

in this matter, and has done rare service to her people. The government of the State, under the impulse of the Historical Society, has contributed to the good work, and several volumes of valuable material have been rescued from destruction. These men of Savannah, Berrien, Charlton, Tefft, and many more, deserve, and will enjoy, the highest awards, which a conscientious people must bestow, upon a sleepless and honorable patriotism. They have worked,—as we should work here,—in spite of the dogged doubting, the narrowly selfish, the drowsy, doting, ever sneering, never doing set, that ride, like the old man of the sea on the shoulders of Sinbad, and keep down all the honorable effort which they have not soul or sense to share. The young men of the South must take up the work, since it is too much for their seniors. Let Carolina follow the lead of Georgia—since, so long untrue to herself, she did not make the initial movement. Establish a historical society in Charleston, with branches in Columbia, Camden, Georgetown, Hamburg, and every village in the State where half a dozen clever men can be got together in the name of literature and patriotism. Let Alabama do likewise. Her parent society may be either in Mobile or Tuscaloosa. Montgomery, Huntsville, etc. should raise branch societies, and with such men as MANLY, BRUMBY, PORTER, BERNARD and MEEK, in Tuscaloosa; LEWIS, DELLETT, HAYNE, LESSENE, PHILLIPS, and OLIVER, in Mobile and elsewhere, there could be no doubt that the impulse given to the work would carry the society forward with benefit. New-Orleans has a host of capable men, who should suffer no delay; and the flourishing towns of Mississippi, beginning with Natchez and Columbus, have in them enough of talent and energy, to enable them to keep pace with States of greater wealth and population. The interior States of Tennessee and Kentucky may well seek to rescue from oblivion biographies of their early pioneers, those strange, strong, adventurous spirits, who traversed the forest depths, alone, with no material for their help or security but their courage, their skill, their dexterity, and the reliance which they had in Heaven. What volumes of treasure might we possess, if these several communities would only engage in honorable emulation in this most interesting of all departments of social inquiry.

The progress of other States should stimulate our efforts, if only through our feelings of shame. Massachusetts has published numerous volumes. Several of the New-England States have done, in proportion, quite as well; and the new impetus, which a new set of *working* men have given to the New-York Historical Society, is sending it ahead to the provocation and the admiration of all. The proceedings of the year 1844 are now before us in a handsomely printed volume of 200 pages. These report the most encouraging progress. The daily accumulations of library and cabinet, and the frequent discussions and lectures which its regular meetings occasion, render it of daily increasing importance, not only in the eye of the metropolis, but of the ten thousand strangers that daily flow into that city from afar. We have examined this volume with warm interest, and have read with great satisfaction the papers which it contains. The report by WETMORE is clear, ample and encouraging. He is one of those diligent and industrious members to whom such institutions are particularly indebted. JAY, SCHOOLCRAFT, FOLSOM, HOFFMAN, etc. are men to be included in the same category. The appendix to this volume contains an interesting paper on "New Netherland," by Rev. Dr. DE WITT; one, by Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, on the aboriginal names and geographical terminology of the State of New-York; one, by Mr.

EDWARDS, on the life of Governor Tompkins; one, by Mr. HODGSON, (of Savannah,) on the history and condition of Morocco, Algiers, and the Barbary Regencies; and sundry other smaller papers, on subjects of less interest, but of pleasing character. These are followed by a supplement of more than a hundred pages, containing the address, on the fortieth anniversary, by Mr. BRODHEAD, the Historiographer of the State. This gentleman, under recent and liberal appropriations of New-York, has been ransacking the archives of the several States of Europe, wherever they might be supposed to contain documents relating to the early history of the State. His discourse gives a history of his progress in this search, and embodies an interesting narrative of the prominent material which it develops. His report to the Legislature of New-York, descriptive of the results following his labors, will elsewhere receive our attention. Following this address, is an account of the farther celebration, by the society, of its anniversary—with what pleasure its dinner was eaten, its wines drunk—what flattering toasts were given, and what eloquent speeches made. It is a sign not wanting in significance, that, at this dinner, so disgustingly did the New-England orators dilate upon the glories and the greatness of New-England, to the utter exclusion of all other subjects, as to provoke a very manly and spirited speech from Mr. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, in which, while he seeks to repair the slight and injustice, he adroitly reflects on the vanity and the indecency of these self-complacent Yankees, who, as has been shown, have come really to consider the United States as their exclusive possession, to fancy that they have founded it wholly, achieved all its successes, reared up and established its liberties, and, voting themselves the saints, have concluded to take possession of the spoils. Enough;—this impudence and insanity will provoke resistance, and finally cure itself.

NEW-ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT. HARPER & BROTHERS.

OUR author is a man of talents, without question, but he is also a person of vagaries. This book certainly contains something which relates to New-Orleans, but he who shall open it, expecting anything to enlighten him in regard to that flourishing city,—its statistics, civil, topographical, social,—its aspects, morals, or history—its people or its practices,—its qualities or conditions—will turn its pages and scratch his head in vain. The book, with a world of extravagance, has much good writing;—seemingly without a purpose, it yet arrests the attention in frequent places, and leads us to large expectations, if nothing more. The volume is full of snatches at good things, and we are vexed at the frequent conviction that a very clever man is trifling with his own talents and opportunities. It is a book, equally to provoke and to weary. It will weary all before they are done with it; yet, in flinging it aside, they will feel that the writer, had he chosen, might probably have secured their most favoring voices. He has set out without a plan, yet has set forth ambitiously. His objects do not harmonize—his elements will not assimilate. He aims to combine the fruits of his travelling experience, with the occasional interest of sketch and story. To do this well, requires the nicest artistical management. To blend the fact and the philosophy, with the picturesque and dramatic, and to do this in that seemingly effortless manner, which is the rare charm in such performances, demands the happiest faculties of the writer. To unite these requisites, to blend their several charac-

teristics in one symmetrical and becoming narrative, needs a talent at once distinguished by the liveliest fancy and the most delicate tact. Our author, if such has been his object, has failed in it very completely. In his sketches and stories, which are awkwardly introduced, he totally forgets his description. New-Orleans escapes from the page of *Mr. DIDIMUS*. We see neither the town nor the houses, and are carried hither and thither, in a manner quite too arbitrary for a rational republican people like ours. His book is just some such imposition as it would be in the agent of a steam-boat to take passengers up at Norfolk for Boston, and carry them to Mobile instead. Our contractor offers to take us to New-Orleans, and before we know where we are, he has us in Paris. He has taken little pains to do as he promised, and nothing can well be more inartistical than the manner in which his rambling progress is maintained. The crude narrative of Oceanus is one, which, showing considerable talent, is offensive to good taste from its erratic course and extravagant developments. The writer either too little respects his reader, or has happened upon a wrong track. He has talent—that is certain—reading,—thought—and considerable powers of expression. Let him take the back track, and start anew. If his object has been, as we are partly led to believe, to enliven his narrative of travel, by incorporating his facts with a lively tissue of fiction, the secret of his success was to be found in so devising the scheme of his story, as that it should, step by step, and without obtuseness, absorb and assimilate all the materials of his observation, which the traveller desires to put on record, gradually, and by a systematic distribution of his facts over the surface, so as not to make them stand out to the exclusion of any of his necessary fictitious elements. It must not be seen that the story is merely a book on which to hang the discoveries of the writer, nor yet shall the story itself be so utterly absorbing as to withdraw the attention of the reader from the facts which he desires to present. This sort of writing requires caution rather than genius, nice tact and considerate attention; a hand of grace, and that readiness of fancy which can skilfully and easily blend the fact with the probable; and both of these with the picturesque. A fine specimen of this class of composition is to be found in the *Corinne* of *Mad. de Stael*,—a work, however, which possesses the additional fascinations which are only to be received from a genius and “imagination all compact.” Some of the writings of *Dumas* possess these characteristics, and recently, an attempt, more ambitious than successful, has been given us in the “*Bennett's abroad*”—a clever book by *Mrs. Ellis*. The author of “*New-Orleans as I found it*,” promises us a continuation of the work. We trust, for his own sake, he will amend the faults and errors of the past.

GOURAUD'S PHRENO-MNEMOTECHNY. WILEY & PUTNAM.

THIS is a mammoth volume, to do justice to which requires more time than we can possibly bestow upon it just now. A hurried and superficial examination is all that we have given it. We have glanced here and there at the introductory portions, we have read two of the lectures, and looked with some curiosity at the tables. Professor GOURAUD is a man of more ability than taste. He is evidently master of his subject, and that subject is one of rare interest and usefulness. To supply the defects of a natural, by means of an artificial memory, is an art not

unknown, though imperfectly known, to the ancients. Most nations have made rude attempts to attain this object. Of these, Mr. GOURAUD's book gives us an ample account. He furnishes us with the statistics of *Mnemosyne*, and deserves to have been her private secretary. The various systems of the several professors of the art,—of Feinagle, Grey, Aimé Paris, etc.—are all considered, and disposed of. To these gentlemen our professor gives large credit,—in particular, to Feinagle, whom he considers the true originator of the scheme, upon which those of Aimé Paris and himself are improvements. This scheme which depends upon the power of mental association,—upon the arbitrary arrangement of sounds by which ideas become condensed in the memory—according to the plan of our professor, would seem, from our hurried examination of it, to be highly feasible and ingenious. The subject is one to be studied. The success of Mr. GOURAUD is said to have been prodigious wherever he has given lectures. His classes in New-York and Philadelphia comprised more than two thousand members, and their opinion, in favor of his system, the result of their experience, is at once frank and unqualified. The professor is evidently a man of talent and research. His reading is very wide and excursive. He is full of anecdote, and his lectures were no doubt very popular from their liveliness and good humor. We have said something about his taste, which, as already remarked, is not equal to his ability. This volume is full of proofs to this effect. It is in doubtful taste that, in such a volume, he should have made such frequent and peevish references to those who thought humbly of his system, or who should have spoken disparagingly of himself. The man who provides us with his system of philosophy has no right to require that we shall be a party to his private and personal squabbles. It is in bad taste that he should have re-printed the complimentary notices of the different newspapers in regard to his daily progress and practice. The book must stand or fall by its own merits, and any attempt to prejudice the mind of the reader, in one's own pages, by showing what has been favorably said by another, is in violation of some of the most certain and clear rules of propriety. It is also in doubtful propriety that each of our professor's lectures should have its patron—nor one patron only. There are six lectures, dedicated to twelve persons,—and, worse than all,—all of these gentlemen are newspaper editors. This, to a suspicious mind, would seem like an attempt, and not a very adroit one either, to secure the presses over which these gentlemen have control. We do not suspect our professor of any such design,—on the contrary, the spirit and good humor of his lectures makes us think well of him. We ascribe it somewhat to the natural solicitude of a foreigner to make his *entrée* among a strange people, with the countenance of those to whose authorities they defer—in other words, to obtain an introduction to the community at the hands of proper citizens. Let us add, in justice to Professor GOURAUD, that his knowledge of the English language, acquired in the most marvellously short space of time, is truly astonishing, and is one of the best arguments in favor of his system. His book is evidently a valuable one, though it might easily have been condensed to one half its present volume, to its own great improvement, and more ready sale.

COMMON AND SCRIPTURAL PROVERBS EXPLAINED. By WM. H. PORTER. BOSTON: JAMES MUNROE & CO. 1845.

This seems to us a work of supererogation. The only valuable proverbs of a country are usually found to carry their meanings on their face. They should do so, if we are not deceived in their origin. A proverb is the sifted result of the popular experience. It is the transmitted faith of centuries on the subject which it concerns. It is a history in a nutshell, and that nutshell is one which the feeblest citizen may crack at pleasure, securing for himself the kernel. These proverbs are sometimes false. They are sometimes nothing more than a fortunate falsehood—or, at best, the exception to the fact,—which has been ignorantly substituted for it. We can understand the policy, when this is suspected to be the case, of testing the merits of the “saying” by an analysis of its elements and origin. It is found necessary, at frequent periods, to examine these, so called, matured fruits of the wisdom of ages, and to try them by the severest tests of reasoning. But it is no such work that Mr. PORTER undertakes. It is not to dispute or to deny the “saw” that he takes it between his teeth. His purpose is otherwise. It is simply to prove its correctness—to amplify it,—in other words, to re-resolve the conclusion into its first elements, and argue, *à priori*, until it becomes justified by the standards of modern wisdom. This does seem to us a most unnecessary labor. There are few proverbs which are in anywise difficult of solution;—none, we may venture to affirm, of any value, which the humblest understanding cannot fathom for itself without the least assistance. It is not needful to ask whether our author has done his work ably or meanly;—we are not so sure that, waiving our first objections, we should cordially bestow our approval. Certainly, these explanations are not very profound. We cannot even consider them complete. In some cases, we do not see the application of the reasoning, to the proverb which constitutes its formula. That, for example, which every horse boy has learned to lisp from his cradle,—“A short horse is soon curried”—receives a page of treatise which really seems to us as decidedly applicable to any other in the book. The author seems to have mistaken the drift of the proverb altogether; and he talks accordingly of moral objects which, we venture to say, never once enter the minds of those who are most likely to employ the proverb. If his chapter is intended as a homily, then, indeed, the text is not so important. Much latitude is allowed in all such cases. As for designing such a volume for the use of schools and of the young, we enter our protest against it. We have quite too many school books already, and this teaching the young *what* to think, instead of teaching them *how* to think, is a most wretched and injurious business. Children ought to receive very little *help* in the matter of thinking—they should be *provoked* to thought, and this alone is the right worthy education. All the rest is a mere miserable parrot-business,—a cramming of the memory at the expense of the intellect. The fewer books used by a school-master, the better for all parties. Mr. PORTER’s book is just such a volume of common places as may be written by any person of ordinary good sense, on a string of infallible rules, ready furnished to his hands. There are some whom it may interest, but very few whom it possibly can teach.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA. BABCOCK & CO.

MUCH of the romance of Appalachian America, is to be found in the History of the Old Dominion;—nothing can well be more picturesque than the narrative of its early discovery and settlement. The adventures of Smith, the character of Powhatan, and Opechancanough,—the sweet humanity, and infantile grace of Pocahontas;—the civil strife of the early settlers,—the rebellion of Bacon—the share which the colony partook in the old French war, gloriously illustrated by the birth and first appearance of Washington,—and, subsequently, her part in the revolution,—in its orators and its heroes—all combine to make the History of Virginia second to none in the variety of her moral aspects, the pleasing interest of her incidents, and the attractive atmosphere of romance which envelopes her high places. The book before us is given to the illustration of what is picturesque and striking in her history and scenery. Mr. HENRY HOWE, by whom the work is prepared, has traversed her “sacred way,” renewing the ancient *blaze* where it has become overgrown, and marking new axe-marks when he would conduct us to the survey of objects which he deems worthy to place before our eyes. His work seems to have been a labor of love, and it has been one evidently to task the highest industry. The facts and traditions of Virginia, her geography and statistics, the deeds of her people, with anecdotes and biographical sketches of her great men, are here fully recorded. Views of her scenery are given, portraits of her favorite sons, and glimpses of her chief towns and villages. To these is added an historical and descriptive sketch of the District of Columbia; the whole comprising an octavo of 514 pages, executed in very pretty style. A more complete and useful compilation cannot well be conceived—affording a series of narratives, at once, of unquestionable authority and of delightful interest. As a volume of historical collections, this book is a valuable contribution to the materials in daily accumulation for a future and worthy history of the country.

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HALLECK'S POEMS. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1845.

A NEW and very neat edition of the poetical writings of FITZ GREENE HALLECK. Halleck is one of the acknowledged poets of America. He is generally admitted to be one of our few classics, and, unless our purpose were to dispute, in his case, this agreeable distinction—which it is not—there would be very little use in any elaborate notice of his writings. These, it is complained by his admirers, are too few in number, too brief in length, too simple and unelaborate in design. They know not what they would have. Were it otherwise they would scarcely be his admirers. The peculiar characteristics of HALLECK's poetry, are, its terseness, its felicitous turns of expression, its epigrammatic points, its adroit playfulness. These are all inconsistent with much expansion. Writers of this class are usually chary of too frequent appearance. Indeed, this would seem impossible from their habits of thought. To be always sparkling is not possible, and not compatible with any prolonged effort of the mind. As it is rather in the fancy than in the thought, rather in the mode of expression than the thing expressed,—that they are chiefly successful,—so it is scarcely reasonable to expect that they should continue long at an employment, in which the aim is at no sustained effort of continuous thought, but simply at the accumulation of what is sparkling and brilliant. Let them be as witty as you please, they will themselves

tire of any prolonged display, which would be equally tiresome to the reader. Elaborate poets are those only who are deeply thoughtful,—who have histories to deliver, philosophies to inculcate, and lessons of many kinds to teach. They do not write simply to amuse. It is work with them. They go about it seriously as Milton did, and make studies for mankind, where the wit makes nothing more than sport. This must not be construed, however, into any disparagement of HALLECK's Muse, for which we have very high esteem. With some carelessness of utterance—which, by the way, is frequently her charm—she is graceful and airy,—a nymph of rare and buxom beauty,—not passionate, but gentle,—not very tender and affectionate, but really very sweet and soliciting. She is coquettish, true,—and mischievous, but she has a very natural laugh, and her mischief has no malice in it. "Alnwick Castle," and "Marco Bozzaris," are odes full of a rich lyrical flow, and the latter of a martial spirit worthy of Tyrteus. The poem on "Burns" is one of those felicitous pieces of verse, which fasten themselves on the ear and mind, and make themselves a part of the poetic memory.

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KOHLRAUSCH'S HISTORY OF GERMANY. APPLETON'S.

THE American Historical Library was in need of this addition, which seems to be a work at once copious and compact. Frederick Kohlrausch is chief of the Board of Education for the kingdom of Hanover, and has held the chair of History in the Polytechnic School. To us, wholly new, the reputation of his work has yet been fully established in Europe for a period of nearly thirty years. Completeness, clearness and impartiality, are said to be its great recommendations,—qualities which, it is said, have combined to secure for it unchallenged authority among all parties in Europe. Our examination of it, thus far, has been confined wholly to the elaborate introduction by which the narrative is preceded. This we find worthy of all commendation, combining directness and simplicity of style, with a comprehensive knowledge of all the topics, which, preliminary to the period when the history of Germany becomes an unquestioned record, discourses profoundly of its original sources,—of the nature of the country, its native, and several stocks, their wars, religion, manners and customs.—The edition of the Messrs. Appleton is a very handsome and very cheap one.

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LETTERS FROM A LANDSCAPE PAINTER. By the author of "Essays for Summer Hours." Boston: JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY. 1845.

OUR author takes his motto from old ISAAK WALTON. "Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation,—calm and quiet." These qualities may be conceded him; but we could wish that while he was taking from honest, tender-hearted Isaak, he had made free with something more. We could have forgiven him a few adroit thefts from the quaint philosophy, the ingenuous nature, and the rare and delicate humour of the veteran sage of the angle. To be calm and quiet merely, is scarcely a recommendation to the reader, in these times of piping authorship; and to a writer of MR. LANMAN's measure, who is totally resourceless in the faculty of imagination,—who is no thinker,—who has no philosophies,—who makes no discoveries, and dilates in no thick-coming fancies,—we see but a doubtful prospect.

on the score of his subdued and temperate behaviour. To write common-places smoothly, will hardly answer in this generation. It is not that we object to the quiet and the calm of our author,—to his gentleness of mood, and his simplicity of expression. These are virtues, where the materials of mind are native and original. But, truly, there is nothing in his volume. One may muse over its pages, without sleeping; but they will occasion very little interest. The truth is, he has begun too soon. He has gathered no stuff for the work. His experience is small. His thinking faculties need to be unbuckled, unlaced, let out, and set in motion. He has nothing of his own to go upon. He repeats his neighbor. The capital is borrowed and he pays no interest. All that he tells you, you have heard before, and he scarcely improves it in the telling. He does not even prove himself a landscape painter by his essays. He tells us something about the American painters,—generally in a kind and sympathising spirit,—but he does not let us see that he has any secrets of his art, belonging to himself; his analysis of the works of others, is vague and feeble; and generalities are made to cover the absence of criticism, as the clamor of the bully conceals his want of courage. In brief, this book is very easy reading,—that may be said of it,—it will task no thought,—it will provoke none. You will take it up and you will lay it down, and unless the author or his friend steps in to remind you of it, you will scarcely remember to have ever had it in your hands. We must not forget to say, however, that there are those who speak of it in very different language,—it is praised by other journals. We shall not gainsay them. We do not insist upon our infallibility. Let the reader judge for himself.

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DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY. WILEY & PUTNAM.

WE have no reason to add one word more to the notice which our correspondent makes, in preceding pages, of this pleasing little volume, an excellent American edition of which lies before us. It is certainly a very ingenious and skilful imitation of the dialect and manner of the period which it proposes to illustrate, and betrays quite a lively familiarity with the progress of events. We may remark, however, that we entertain no such veneration for the memory of Charles Stuart, such as our correspondent professes. We should not care to go aside from our path to say an unnecessary word in regard to his memory, and only now express our regret that our correspondent should have done so. We are of that class of persons who believe that England saved herself from a thousand years of shame and degradation, when she shook herself free forever from the worthless and vicious dominion of the Stuarts. She was well rid of them at any price. Martyrdom forsooth!—one regicide Cromwell, with all his crimes, was worth a million of them.

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BRIGHAM ON MENTAL CULTIVATION AND EXCITEMENT.

IN this country, where the mind is cultivated almost equally at the expense of the moral and the physical nature, this book of Dr. BRIGHAM, with the opinions of McNISH and others in relation to its value and usefulness, will, we trust, persuade some of the inconsiderate, whether teachers or heads of families, to pause in their wild career of false training, and forbear that cruel sort of torture and

perversion of the infant intellect which is misnamed education among us, and which is carried on so much at the expense of the health and strength of the child. We have a great deal to say in regard to this subject of education, for which we have neither space nor leisure now. But the volume of Dr. BRIGHAM, which has found the sanction and approval of some of the best European as well as American teachers, will answer a good purpose wherever it is known. We commend it, therefore, in particular, to the consideration of those parents who, in their great eagerness for precocious developments in their children, too commonly prove themselves the deadliest enemies of those whom they so unwisely love. [LEA & BLANCHARD.

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RANKE'S TURKISH AND SPANISH EMPIRES.

THE reputation of LEOPOLD RANKE is deservedly high as a historian; and the work before us is to be read in connection with the better known "History of the Popes" by the same writer. It furnishes a most complete and comprehensive view of the Ottoman and Spanish empires, during the sixteenth, and at the beginning of the seventeenth centuries; and will spare the necessity of much painful research through more copious and less agreeable volumes. The translation is made by WALTER K. KELLY. The edition before us is very much in the style of the English, scarcely less neat in execution, and at much less cost. [LEA & BLANCHARD. 1845.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ONE of those useful works—destined to force their way into every family,—which seem the distinguishing merit of the age. This Encyclopedia is to be contained in twelve numbers, five of which are before us. The contents are printed in a clear type and on good paper. The style of the publication is very neat. We are not told by whom it is edited. The first number is occupied with all the subjects pertaining to the structure of the domestic edifice, the choice of situation, the various styles of architecture,—of which numerous plans and drawings are given,—the arrangement of the apartments, hints on the practice of building, on the mode of warming the dwelling, various kinds of fuel, principles of ventilation, etc. Artificial lights, lamps, gas, household furniture and upholstery, furnish the materials for the second number. The compilation must needs be a highly useful and instructive one. [HARPER & BROTHERS.

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THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS. By ELIOT WARBURTON.

It is greatly to the credit of this writer, that he is able to invest with pleasurable interest, a subject so much hacknied as the East. But recently, and in the same library, (that of Wiley & Putnam,) of which this also is one of the publications, we had the delightful volume called "Eothen." That work was one which charmed us by the author's power in grouping,—his rare capacity to detach and bring happily together, all the strong characteristics of his subject, and to make picturesque, with a moral colouring, the objects which he endeavored to

describe. MR. WARBURTON brings about a feeling of similar interest, by details rather than generalities. He is one of those good humored travellers who, without being tedious, are pleasantly communicative. The thing that strikes himself, he declares to you at large, and, step by step, as he himself has made the discovery. It is to his good fortune and that of the reader, that his impressions are those of a quick, intelligent and justly appreciative mind, whose lively fancy presents him only with those aspects of the world, through which he wanders, which are likely to interest the greater number of spectators. MR. WARBURTON has a keen stomach for adventure, and an eye for the picturesque which readily detects all its peculiarities. He is not much of a philosopher, but will be found more agreeable to the general reader for this very reason. As a companion, who pleases by the spontaneous overflow of his own lively impulses, he may safely be commended. His volumes contain much that is new in detail, and fill out numerous pictures of which we had before but vague and imperfect outlines. [WILEY & PUTNAM'S LIBRARY.

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CHRISTINA AND HER COURT.

A historical tale, of moderate interest, from the German of Vandewelde.  
[E. WINCHESTER.

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GEN. HAMMOND'S LETTERS ON SLAVERY.

It is not the least of Gen. HAMMOND's merits, in the preparation of these admirable Letters, that he has so happily timed their publication. There is a respite, just now, from the wild and insane fury of that fanaticism, that stupid superstition, which prompted the crusade against the institution of American slavery;—when it may be assumed that reason will, in some measure, be suffered to assert its sway. The really philanthropic in Europe and America begin, very naturally, to doubt of the propriety of a crusade, the results of which have either been ridiculous or disastrous. The statesmen of Great Britain begin to tremble at the consequences, to that empire, of their having so basely yielded to a popular outcry; and those of France, opening their eyes to the sinister aims of British policy, are gradually discovering, in that most selfish and reckless devotion which she has always shown to her commercial and manufacturing interests, the occult motives of her determined hostility to the rights and institutions of the United States. In view of this change from bad to better, and from dark to dawn, in the opinions of civilized Europe, the Letters of Gen. HAMMOND to MR. CLARKSON, are calculated to produce results of immense benefit. No case could have been more admirably argued, with a clearer knowledge of the facts, with a better appreciation of their relations, or with a more rigid and circumspect attention to all the collateral portions of the subject. To a cool, clear head, and abundant materials, Gen. HAMMOND unites the advantages of acute and cogent thinking, and a bold, direct and energetic style. As specimens of political composition merely, these Letters are good models, which may be read with profit by our young statesmen. But our purpose, neither eulogy nor analysis, is rather to speak of the author of these Letters than of the Letters themselves, which are destined to force themselves upon the attention of the public at home and abroad.

What we have to say of him, may be comprised in a sentence. It is this:—South-Carolina must not permit to retire from her councils, a man still in his youth, who is capable of doing credit to her talent, and of maintaining her rights:—she must look around her for the suitable station in which to employ abilities which, if they were ever at any time wanted to her strength and securities, are wanted now. Let her think of this!

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#### THE LATE EDWARD L. CAREY.

We hear with deep regret of the death of this amiable and accomplished gentleman, so long and so well known to the community of art and letters in the country. Mr. CAREY was a member of the publishing house of CAREY & HART, of Philadelphia. In business, he was enterprising and liberal; in private life, modest, manly and affectionate. His manners commended him to society, where qualities of greater value ensured him a firm possession. His success in business, which was very considerable, enabled him to indulge in a warm passion for the achievements of art, and to bestow upon the painter that patronage, which his exquisite tastes rendered equally valuable to art and to the country. A prisoner for some years, within his own dwelling, to the worst of all tyrannies, disease, he consoled himself by accumulating within his chamber, the most lovely treasures of modern painting. From the beautiful pictures that covered his walls, he drew his sweetest gratifications. Gazing upon shapes of beauty, and scenes of delight, which never wearied him to study, he was beguiled from the consideration of his own sufferings, and learned to forget the cares of the body and of actual life, by losing himself in contemplations of the abstract and remote. In this way he found an Eden of his own, in which all that came was as innocent as it was agreeable and attractive. Here he received his friends, from all parts of the Union, delighted to display his treasures, and delighting them by an exhibition of patience under suffering, which frequently drew their eyes from his pictures to himself. Thus he disarmed the pang of suffering, and was soothed against, if not altogether reconciled to, its privations. Here, too, we trust, more permanent and powerful consolations made their way, gradually preparing the sufferer for a transition to a world, in which pain and privation have no place or part. From his dungeon, thus lightened by the smiles of art, and taste, letters and friendship, Mr. CAREY edited the American Annual called "The Gift"—decidedly the very best specimen of its class which the country has ever produced. This work was made tributary to the tastes which cheered his solitude. Through its medium, he gave to the public impressions from his best pictures, illustrated by the intellect of his best literary friends. By each of these, his death will be lamented as a personal misfortune. It makes a void in the community which it will not be easy to supply.